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**General Longstreet's Report of the Pennsylvania Campaign.**

HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY CORPS, DEP'T NOB. VA.,  
*Near Culpeper C. H., July 27th, 1863.*

*Colonel*—In obedience to orders from the Commanding-General, my command marched from Fredericksburg on the 3d of June for Culpeper Courthouse. On the 15th it moved from Culpeper Courthouse, along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, and on the 19th McLaws's division was posted in Ashby's Gap, Hood's at Snicker's Gap, and Pickett's supporting Hood's and guarding points between the two gaps.

On June 20th I received a dispatch from general headquarters, directing that I should hold myself in readiness to move in the direction of the Potomac, with a view to crossing, &c. As I was ready and had been expecting an order to execute such purpose, I supposed the intimation meant other preparation; and knowing of nothing else that I could do to render my preparations complete, I supposed that it was desirable that I should cross the Shenandoah. I therefore passed the river, occupied the banks at the ferries opposite the gaps, and a road at an intermediate ford which was practicable for cavalry and infantry. On the following day the enemy advanced his cavalry in full force against General Stuart, and drove him into and nearly through Ash-

by's Gap. I succeeded in passing part of McLaws's division across the river in time to occupy the gap before night, and upon advancing a line of sharpshooters the next morning at daylight, the enemy retired. I believe that he engaged the sharpshooters lightly. General Stuart reestablished his cavalry, and McLaws's division was withdrawn to the west bank of the Shenandoah before night.

On the 23d I received orders to march *via* Berryville, Martinsburg, and Williamsport, into Maryland. The command moved at early dawn the following day. 1st, Pickett's division; 2d, the reserve artillery battalions; 3d, Hood's division; 4th, McLaws's division. Pickett's division and the battalions of reserve artillery crossed the Potomac on the 25th, Hood's and McLaws's divisions on the day following.

The command reached Chambersburg, Pa., on the 27th, and a halt of two days was made for rest. On the night of the 28th one of my scouts came in with information that the enemy had passed the Potomac, and was probably in pursuit of us. The scout was sent to general headquarters with the suggestion that our army concentrate east of the mountains and bear down to meet the enemy.

I received orders on the following day to move part of my command and to encamp it at Greenwood. The command, except Pickett's division—which was left to guard our rear at Chambersburg—moved on the morning of the 30th, and the two divisions and battalions of reserve artillery got into camp at Greenwood about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. General Hood was ordered to put a brigade and a battery on picket at New Guilford, on the road leading to Emmetsburg. On the next day the troops set out for Gettysburg, except Pickett's division, not yet relieved from duty at Chambersburg, and Law's brigade, left on picket at New Guilford.

Our march was greatly delayed on this day by Johnson's division, of the Second corps, which came into the road from Shippensburg, and the long wagon-trains that followed him. McLaws's division, however, reached Marsh Creek, four miles from Gettysburg, a little after dark, and Hood's division got within nearly the same distance of the town about 12 o'clock at night. Law's brigade was ordered forward to his division during the day, and joined about noon on the 2d.

Previous to his joining, I received instructions from the Commanding-General to move, with the portion of my command that was up, around to gain the Emmetsburg road on the enemy's left. The enemy having been driven back by the corps of Lieutenant-Generals Ewell and A. P. Hill the day previous, had taken a strong position, extending from the hill at the cemetery along the Emmetsburg road. Fear-

ing that my force was too weak to venture to make an attack, I delayed until General Law's brigade joined its division. As soon after his arrival as we could make our preparations, the movement was begun. Engineers, sent out by the Commanding-General and myself, guided us by a road which would have completely disclosed the move. Some delay ensued in seeking a more concealed route. McLaws's division got into position opposite the enemy's left about 4 o'clock P. M. Hood's division was moved on further to our right and got into position, partially enveloping the enemy's left.

The enemy's first position along the Emmetsburg road was but little better in point of strength than the first position taken by these two divisions. Our batteries were opened upon this position; and Hood's division pressing upon his left and McLaws's upon his front, he was soon dislodged and driven back upon a commanding hill, which is so precipitous and rough as to render it difficult of ascent. Numerous stone-fences about its base added greatly to its strength. The enemy taking shelter behind these, held them, one after another, with great pertinacity. He was driven from point to point, however, until nearly night, when a strong force met the brigades of Major-General Anderson's division, which were coöperating upon my left, drove one of them back, and checking the support of the other, caused my left to be somewhat exposed and out-flanked. Wofford's brigade, of McLaws's division, was driven back at the same time. I thought it prudent not to push further until my other troops came up.

General Hood received a severe wound soon after getting under fire, and was obliged to leave the field. This misfortune occasioned some delay in our operations. Brigadier-General G. T. Anderson, of his division, was also severely wounded and obliged to leave the field. In the same attack General McLaws lost two of his Brigadiers—General Barksdale, mortally wounded, and General Semmes, severely wounded and since dead of his wounds. The command was finally so disposed as to hold the ground gained on the right, with my left withdrawn to the first position of the enemy, resting at the peach-orchard. During the combat of this day four pieces of artillery were captured and secured by the command, and two regimental standards.

On the following morning our arrangements were made for renewing the attack by my right, with a view to pass around the hill occupied by the enemy on his left, and to gain it by flank and reverse attack. This would have been a slow process probably, but I think not very difficult. A few moments after my orders for the execution of this plan were given, the Commanding-General joined me, and ordered a column of attack to be formed of Pickett's, Heth's, and part

of Pender's divisions; the assault to be made directly at the enemy's main position, the cemetery hill. The distance to be passed over, under the fire of the enemy's batteries and in plain view, seemed too great to insure great results, particularly as two-thirds of the troops to be engaged in the assault had been in a severe battle two days previous, Pickett's division alone being fresh. Orders were given to Major-General Pickett to form his line under the best cover he could get from the enemy's batteries, and so that the centre of the assaulting column would arrive at the salient of the enemy's position, General Pickett's line to be the guide, and to attack the line of the enemy's defences; and General Pettigrew, in command of Heth's division, moving on the same line as General Pickett, was to assault the salient at the same moment. Pickett's division was arranged two brigades in the front line, supported by his third brigade, and Wilcox's brigade was ordered to move in rear of his right flank, to protect it from any force that the enemy might attempt to move against it.

Heth's division, under the command of Brigadier-General Pettigrew, was arranged in two lines, and these supported by part of Major-General Pender's division, under Major-General Trimble. All of the batteries of the First and Third corps, and some of those of the Second, were put into the best positions for effective fire upon the point of attack, and the hill occupied by the enemy's left. Colonel Walton, chief of artillery, First corps, and Colonel Alexander, had posted our batteries, and agreed with the artillery officers of the other corps upon the signal for the batteries to open. About two o'clock P. M., General Pickett, who had been charged with the duty of arranging the lines behind our batteries, reported that the troops were in order and on the most sheltered ground. Colonel Walton was ordered to open the batteries, the signal-guns were fired, and the batteries opened very handsomely, and apparently with effective fire. The guns on the hill, at the enemy's left, were soon silenced. Those at the cemetery hill combatted us, however, very obstinately. Many of them were driven off, but fresh ones were brought up to replace them. Colonel Alexander was ordered to a point where he could best observe the effect of our fire, and give notice of the most opportune moment for our attack. Some time after our batteries opened fire I rode to Major Dearing's batteries. It appeared that the enemy put in fresh batteries about as rapidly as others were driven off. I concluded, therefore, that we must attack very soon if we hoped to accomplish anything before night. I gave orders for the batteries to refill their ammunition chests, and to be prepared to follow up the advance of the infantry. Upon riding over to Colonel Alexander's position, I found that he had advised



General Pickett that the time had arrived for the attack, and I gave the order to General Pickett to advance to the assault. I found then that our supply of ammunition was so short that the batteries could not re-open. The order for this attack, which I could not favor under better auspices, would have been revoked had I felt that I had that privilege.

The advance was made in very handsome style, all the troops keeping their lines accurately, and taking the fire of the batteries with great coolness and determination. About half-way between our position and that of the enemy a ravine partially sheltered our troops from the enemy's fire, and a short halt was then made for rest. The advance was resumed after a moment's pause, all still in good order. The enemy's batteries soon opened upon our lines with canister, and the left seemed to stagger under it, but the advance was resumed, and with some degree of steadiness. Pickett's troops did not appear to be checked by the batteries, and only halted to deliver a fire when close under musket-range. Major-General Anderson's division was ordered forward to support and assist the wavering columns of Pettigrew and Trimble. Pickett's troops, after delivering fire, advanced to the charge and entered the enemy's lines, capturing some of his batteries, and gained his works. About the same moment, the troops that had before hesitated broke their ranks, and fell back in great disorder, many more falling under the enemy's fire in retreating than whilst they were attacking. This gave the enemy time to throw his entire force upon Pickett, with a strong prospect of being able to break up his lines, or destroy him before Anderson's division could reach him, which would in its turn have greatly exposed Anderson. He was, therefore, ordered to halt. In a few moments the enemy, marching against both flanks and the front of Pickett's division, overpowered it and drove it back, capturing about half of those of it who were not killed or wounded. General Wright, of Anderson's division, was ordered, with all of his officers, to rally and collect the scattered troops behind Anderson's division, and many of my-staff officers were sent to assist in the same service. Expecting an attack from the enemy, I rode forward to reconnoitre and superintend the operations of our batteries. The enemy threw forward forces at different times and from different points, but they were only feelers, and retired as soon as our batteries opened upon them. These little advances and checks were kept up till night, when the enemy retired to his stronghold, and my line was withdrawn to the Gettysburg road on the right, the left uniting with Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill's right.

After night I received orders to make all the needful arrangements

for our retreat. The orders for preparation were given, and the work was begun before daylight on the 4th. On the night of the 4th the troops were withdrawn from our line, and my command took up the line of march, following the corps of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill. Our march was much impeded by heavy rains and excessively bad roads. We succeeded, however, in reaching the top of the mountain early in the night of the 5th. On the 6th, my command, passing to the front, marched for Hagerstown. As our exhausted men and animals were not in condition for rapid movements, I thought myself fortunate when I found that I could reach Hagerstown in time to relieve our trains at Williamsport, then seriously threatened.

Reaching Hagerstown about 5 o'clock P. M., our column moved down the Sharpsburg turnpike, and encamped about two miles from Hagerstown. The next day the command was put in camp on the best ground that could be found, and remained quiet until the 10th, when the enemy was reported to be advancing to meet us. It was supposed at first to be a cavalry force only, but I thought it prudent to move some of the infantry down on the Antietam at Funkstown. After reaching the Antietam, General Stuart asked for infantry supports for his batteries; and two brigades, Semmes', under Colonel Bryan, and Anderson's, under Colonel White, were sent across as he desired. For the report of their services I refer to the report of Major-General Stuart and the brigade commanders.

A line of battle was selected, extending from a point on the Potomac near Downsville to the Hagerstown and Williamsport turnpike, my command on the right. The troops were put to work, and in twenty-four hours our line was comfortably entrenched. A few of the enemy's sharpshooters came up on the Boonsboro' road and to within long range of our picket-line on the 12th. On the evening of the same day a light skirmish was brought on by an advance of a line of sharpshooters at the St. James College.

That night our bridge was completed, and the day after I received orders to recross the Potomac after night. My trains were sent over before night, and the caissons of the batteries were started back about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The troops marched as soon as it was dark, my command leading. Having but a single road to travel upon, our trains soon came to a halt. I rode on to the bridge to hasten the movements as much as possible, and sent my staff-officers to different points along the line to keep everything in motion. Details were made to keep up fires to light the road at the worst points, and Captain Manning with his signal-torches lighted us across the bridge.

The natural difficulties in making such movements were increased

by the darkness of the night, a heavy rain-storm flooding the road with mud and water, and finally by one of our wagons, loaded with wounded, running off the bridge, breaking it down and throwing our wounded headlong into the river. We were so fortunate, however, as to rescue them in a few moments; they were made somewhat comfortable in other vehicles and sent forward. Major Clarke and Captains Douglass and Johnston of the corps of engineers, applied themselves diligently to the work of repairing the bridge, and in two hours our line was again in motion. When the accident occurred at the bridge, I sent back orders for one of my divisions to occupy the redoubts that had been thrown up to protect the bridge, and also directed Colonel Alexander to place his batteries in position on the same line. As soon as the bridge was repaired I rode back to this line, but finding that the enemy was not pursuing, the troops were again put in motion. The rear of my column passed the bridge at 9 o'clock in the morning and camped for the night at Hanesville.

On the 19th of July, at Bunker's Hill, I received orders to march with my command for Millwood, in order to obtain possession of Ashby's Gap, with a view to covering our future movements. We marched early on the next day, part of the command reaching Millwood at night. The Shenandoah was found to be past fording, however, and the enemy had driven our cavalry from the Gap, and were in possession down to the river-bank. I reported this to the Commanding-General, and continued my march on the following day for Manassas and Chester Gaps. Arriving at the Shenandoah at Front Royal, it was found to be past fording, and the work of laying our bridges was hardly begun. Brigadier-General Corse, who had been hurried forward with his brigades to secure the Gaps, succeeded in passing the stream with his men and several batteries. Detaching a regiment to Manassas Gap, he marched his main force into Chester Gap, and succeeded in getting possession of it some few moments before the enemy appeared. The enemy was in possession of Manassas Gap, but Colonel Herbert of the Seventeenth Virginia regiment secured with his regiment a strong position, from which he held the enemy in check.

The rest of Pickett's division was hurried over by crossing the ammunition and arms in a flat-boat, the men wading. Reinforcements were sent to Colonel Herbert, when he drove back the enemy and secured as much of the Gap as was desirable. Reinforcements were also sent to General Corse, who was engaged in skirmishing with the enemy, and was threatened by a strong cavalry force. The cavalry withdrew about the time the reinforcements reached him. The bridges

were completed about 12 o'clock at night, and the passage by of our trains commenced.

The next day the enemy appeared in stronger force in Manassas Gap, but I had posted Hood's division there, under Brigadier-General E. M. Law, and he gave us but little trouble. He also reappeared at the foot of the mountain at Chester Gap. As soon as our men finished cooking their rations, General Wofford's brigade, of McLaws's division, was ordered to disperse the cavalry that was at the foot of the mountain and endeavor to capture his artillery. General Pickett was ordered to send a force down the mountain by a different route to get in rear of and intercept the cavalry. After a light skirmish with General Wofford, the enemy made a hasty retreat. Our march was continued, arriving at Culpeper Courthouse at noon on the 24th instant.

General Benning's brigade, which had been left on picket at Gaines Cross-Roads with the Fourth and Fifteenth regiments Alabama volunteers, to await the arrival of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill's corps, were attacked by the enemy's cavalry whilst on the march, each having a smart skirmish.

I desire to mention the following named officers as among those most distinguished for the exhibition of great gallantry and skill, viz: Major-Generals Pickett, Hood and Trimble (the two latter severely wounded), Brigadier-Generals Armistead, severely wounded, Kemper, very severely wounded, Semmes, severely wounded and since dead of his wounds, Pettigrew (slightly wounded), Kershaw, Law, and G. T. Anderson, the last severely wounded. Brigadier-General Wm. Barksdale was mortally wounded in the attack on the evening of the 2d, while bravely leading his brigade in the assault. Brigadier-General P. B. Garnett was killed whilst gallantly leading his brigade in the assault upon the enemy's position upon the cemetery hill. Colonel Walton, chief of artillery, and Colonel Alexander, Major Dearing, Major Huger, Major Eshleman, and Captain Miller, of the corps of artillery, were noted for the courage, zeal and ability with which they discharged their duties.

The troops all exhibited great determination and courage on the battle-field, which, together with the fortitude and endurance subsequently shown by them under circumstances of great trial, justly entitles them to our hearty thanks and highest praise.

Major-General Pickett's division merits especial credit for the determined manner in which it assaulted the enemy's strong position upon the cemetery hill.

For valuable and meritorious services on the field, I desire to express my renewed obligations to the officers of my staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel, Lieutenant-Colonel Manning, Majors Fairfax, Latrobe, Clarke

*Longstreet's Report of the Pennsylvania Campaign.* 345

and Walton, and Captains Goree, Reily and Rogers. Major Mitchell, chief quartermaster, Major Moses, chief commissary of subsistence, Surgeon Cullen, medical director, Surgeons Barksdale and Maury, and Captain Manning, signal-officer, discharged the duties of their respective departments with zeal and ability.

Statements of the casualties of the campaign, embracing the killed, wounded and missing, have been already forwarded.

I have the honor to be, Colonel,

Very respectfully your most obedient servant,

(Signed)

J. LONGSTREET,

*Lieutenant-General Commanding.*

*Tabular Statement of the Casualties of the First Corps, Army Northern Virginia, in the Engagements of the 2d and 3d of July, 1863, near Gettysburg, Pa.*

COMMAND.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.	REMARKS.
	Officers and E. M.	Officers and E. M.	Officers and E. M.	Officers and E. M.	
<i>McLaw's Division.</i>					
Kershaw's Brigade, .	115	483	32	630	
Semmes's " "	55	284	91	430	
Barksdale's " "	105	550	92	747	
Wofford's " "	30	192	112	334	
Total, . . .	305	1509	327	2141	
<i>Pickett's Division.</i>					
Garnett's Brigade, .	78	324	539	941	Only those are reported "killed and wounded" who are known to be so. Many of the missing are supposed to be killed or wounded.
Armistead's " "	88	460	643	1191	
Kemper's " "	58	356	317	731	
Total, . . .	224	1140	1499	2863	
<i>Hood's Division.</i>					
Robertson's Brigade,	84	393	120	597	
Law's " "	74	276	146	496	
Anderson's " "	105	512	54	671	
Benning's " "	76	299	122	497	
Anderson's " "	25	102		127	
Total, . . .	364	1582	442	2388	Funkstown, Md., July 10, 1863.
Total Infantry,	893	4231	2263	7392	
Walton's Bat'n Art.,	3	40	5	48	Including 17 wounded at Williamsport, Md., July 6th, 1863.
Alexander's " "	19	112		131	
Cabell's " "	8	29		37	
Dearing's " "	8	17		25	
Henry's " "	2	24		26	
Total Artillery,	40	222	5	267	
Grand Total, .	933	4453	2273	7659	

**Defence and Fall of Fort Fisher.**

We have been appealed to by friends in various quarters to publish the two following papers on the fall of Fort Fisher. General Bragg's letter to his brother, written just after the event, and published for the first time in the daily papers last year—and the reply of Colonel Lamb who was in command of Fort Fisher when it fell. While always regretting controversies between Confederates—and having it distinctly understood that we are not responsible for statements or sentiments of papers which we publish with responsible names attached—it is, perhaps proper that we should print, without note or comment of our own, these two papers on a most interesting and important event of the war.

**LETTER FROM GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.**

WILMINGTON, 20th January, 1865.

*My Dear Thomas :*

Your very kind note of the 13th only reached me this morning, but we are none the less grateful. The unexpected blow which has fallen upon us is almost stunning, but it shall not impair my efforts. Two hours before hearing of the certain fall of the fort I felt as confident as ever man did of successfully defending it. The responsibility is all mine, of course, and I shall bear it as resolutely as possible, but time will make known some matters which may as well be told you now in confidence. No human power could have prevented the enemy from landing, covered as he was by a fleet of ships carrying six hundred heavy guns. Anywhere beyond the range of our heavy guns on the fort our land force could not approach him. Once landed, our only chance was to keep him, if possible, from the fort. With less than half his numbers, had we extended far enough towards the fort to prevent his movement that way, he could have crossed the narrow peninsula north of us and cut us off entirely, when the fort and all must have gone. The land is heavily timbered and very swampy. We then confronted him as closely as possible to watch his movements and endeavor to strike if he moved from under his shipping. A dense swamp lay between us and extended three miles towards Fort Fisher. In this position I found the two forces when I reached General Hoke, and took the command just at night on Friday. Cavalry was on our extended right towards Fort Fisher, and occupying ground entirely to the sea, placing us between the enemy and the fort for observation. These were to report any movement, and the troops lay upon their



arms all night, ready to move to the attack or towards the fort if the enemy did so. My knowledge of the ground was good, as I knew General Hoke's to be, both of us having been over it. I fully approved his dispositions. We stayed in our camp under the heavy shelling of the enemy's fleet for the night. No report of any movement having been made, we moved out early to reconnoitre, Hoke towards the fort and I to our left. I found the enemy in strong force in front of our left, as well as could be seen across the swamp. But to our great surprise Hoke found him extended beyond our right and entirely across the peninsula between us and Fort Fisher, and strongly entrenched, having, no doubt, been there most of the night. Not a word had been heard from our cavalry, and they had evidently withdrawn from their position in the night and did not themselves know what had occurred, for they fired on Hoke and his staff, who got in front of them in reconnoitring. On learning this I put the command in motion and ordered the enemy dislodged, if it was at all practicable. General Hoke and his brigadiers made a close reconnoissance and expressed to me the opinion that their troops were unequal to the task. I moved forward with them and made a close examination, confirmed their opinion, and after a conference decided not to attack. An attack and failure would have ensured the fall of the fort and would also have opened the whole State. We could not have succeeded without defeating double our numbers behind entrenchments, whilst at the same time exposed to a raking fire from their fleet, plainly in sight and within good range, the sea as smooth as glass. But I did not feel the slightest apprehension for the fort. The enemy had landed without artillery and not even a general officer brought a horse. Prisoners captured and deserters coming in concurred in one report, that if repulsed once they would immediately retreat (re-embark) the work being considered too strong for them. Believing myself that Grant's army could not storm and carry the fort, if it was defended, I felt perfect confidence that the enemy had assumed a most precarious position, from which he would escape with great difficulty. I accordingly ordered Hoke to entrench immediately in his front, and push his lines close on him, so as to keep him engaged and closely observed. Whilst this was going on I started one thousand of our best men, who had defended forts at Charleston, to reinforce Fisher, and, as I considered the garrison there already as sufficient, being 2,000 strong, I ordered about 600 less reliable troops to come out, considering it an unnecessary exposure of life to keep them there. This order, however, was rescinded on Whiting's appeal, and he was allowed to keep the

whole. With this garrison I considered the fort *perfectly safe*, and capable of standing any length of siege. We had steamboat communication with it, which we could keep up at all times during the night.

Had the cavalry done its duty and promptly reported the enemy's movements, I do not think the result would have been different. Such was the configuration of the country and the obstacles that he would have accomplished his object with the force he had. Our only safe reliance was in his repulse, we being the weak and assailed party. The reports from the fort were of the most favorable character up to Sunday evening. Not a gun reported injured, the fort not damaged, and our loss *three* killed and *thirty-two* wounded in nearly three days. With these statements I felt confident that when the assault was made it would be easily repulsed, and so telegraphed to General Whiting.

During Saturday I was greatly disturbed by the tone and phraseology of General Whiting's dispatches, and by reports of others received from him in town. \* \* \* \* \*

About 3 o'clock Sunday evening, General H. informed me the enemy was moving apparently to assault the fort. He immediately moved to attack them under my direction. A feeble musketry fire was heard at the fort, when it ceased, not lasting over ten minutes. Hoke found them in very strong position and heavy force ready to receive him. He moved in person close up to their lines with his skirmishers, receiving two balls in his clothes, between the left arm and breast. Their line was impracticable for his small command, and I did not hesitate to recall him. *He could not have succeeded.* When the assault commenced on the fort the fleet ceased to fire, and in less than half an hour it recommenced with great fury. My inference was that they were repulsed. A report soon reached me, however, from a party across the river, that "the enemy have the fort." As the firing from the fleet on the fort continued, I disregarded the report. At 7 P. M. a dispatch from General Whiting reported: "We still hold the fort but are hard pressed." Soon after another from his Adjutant said: "We are still in possession of the fort," &c. My mind was easy. General Colquitt and his reinforcements were hurried forward. The bombardment continued heavily until about 10 P. M., when all became quiet. Unpleasant reports continued to reach me, but nothing worthy of credit until an escaped officer reported from across the river by telegraph that the fort was captured. General Colquitt soon returned and reported. He landed at the point about a mile behind the fort at 10.30 P. M., found everything in confusion, hundreds of men without arms, *many of them drunk*, and no one apparently in command. Col-

onel Lamb was there wounded. General Whiting was also pointed out, lying on the beach, severely wounded. \* \* The enemy soon approached and Colquitt barely had time to escape in his small boat. Now for statements made by the enemy when meeting us under flag of truce. They assert that they walked into the fort without resistance, not a shot being fired at them, our men all being in the *bomb-proofs*. That after they got in a small force was rallied and fought them very gallantly, inflicting a heavy loss, but they soon overcame them and captured most of our officers and men without arms, under cover of the bomb-proofs. \* \* \* \*

Blockade running has cured itself. I knew its demoralizing influence, and even before I came here, had urged on the President to remove these officers and troops, replacing them by veterans. \* \* I was at work on these evils, gradually correcting them, but meeting with the usual denunciation. Time was not allowed.

The defense of the fort ought to have been successful against *this* attack, but it had to fall eventually—the expedition brought against it was able to reduce it in spite of all I could do. The fleet, after dismounting our guns, could have arranged itself above their land forces, and no spot of ground for six miles above Fort Fisher could have been held by our land forces. Owing to the depth of water they could get nearer to us than they could to Fort Fisher, and could sweep everything to the middle of the river.

The same operation, on a much smaller scale was entirely successful against the forts at the mouth of Charleston harbor, except that they were well defended by sober, resolute men, until it was necessary to evacuate, and the harbor was closed by the fall of Fort Wagner. \* \* But enough for the present. I am both tired and sad.

I knew my wife would be welcome with you, but I feared it would look badly for me to send her off in the panic, and I concluded for her to remain. It has had a good effect on the weak and nervous.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will you please send me by express the barrel of flour you have for me? Our only trouble is to get enough to eat, as we pay our board in kind. No one will take a boarder here or anywhere now for money. \* \*

BRAXTON BRAGG.

## ACCOUNT OF COLONEL WILLIAM LAMB.

[Published at the request of a number of officers and men of his command.]

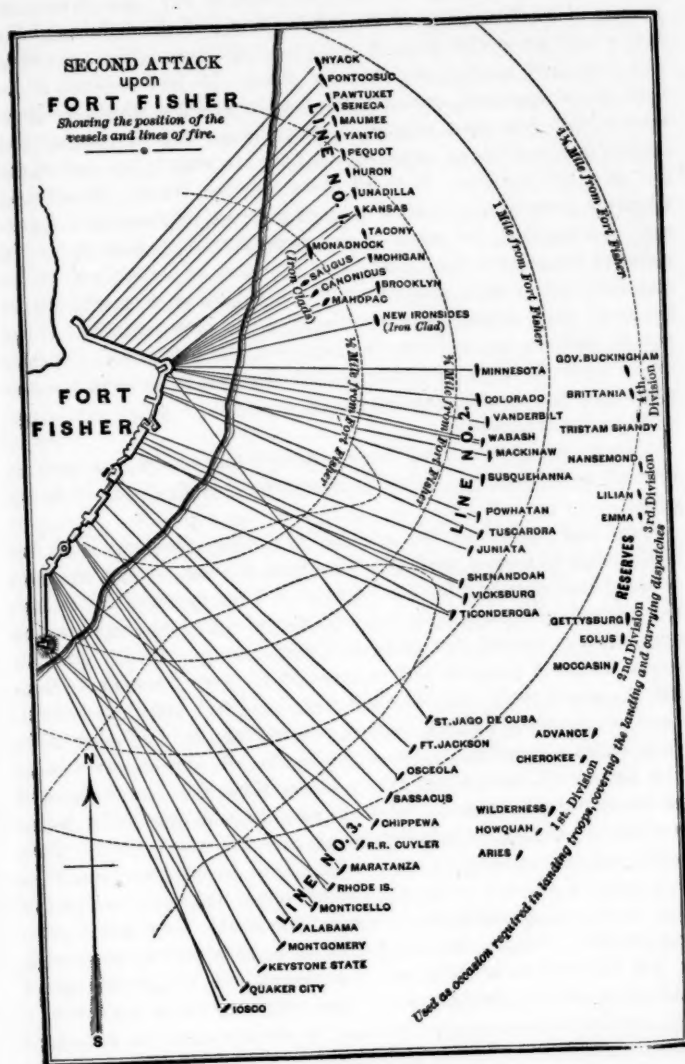
On revisiting Fort Fisher after the war, I found that the post burial ground, where my soldiers who died previous to the battles, were buried, had been robbed of all its dead, and was told that a contractor for the government had stolen their bones in order to be paid for supplying them with coffins under an appropriation to rebury the dead of the Northern armies. I had this consolation when contemplating this act, that although their dust and ashes had been disturbed, their memories were none the less precious to the Southern heart, nor their reward for duty done less complete at the hands of Him who doeth all things well. Similar emotions filled my breast when I read the letter of General Braxton Bragg to his brother, in which he seeks to take from the dead of Fort Fisher an imperishable renown, and in which he seeks to excuse his desertion of an heroic garrison.

Nothing but an imperative sense of duty impels me to comply with the request made by many of the officers and soldiers of my old command to answer this letter, now that its author has been summoned to his final account. The letter bears date Wilmington, January 20, 1865, and was written to Ex-Governor Thomas Bragg. General Bragg wrote:

"Two hours before hearing of the certain fall of the fort I felt as confident as ever man did of successfully defending it."

Further on he puts his certain information at a time which shows that the fort had fallen when he was confident of successfully defending it. To know the position of the enemy, to be informed promptly of the movements which he is executing, to gather sufficient facts from which his designs may be understood, is the first care of a commanding general, who should spare no labor or risk to arrive at such information.

No commanding general ever had such an opportunity to watch the movements of the enemy, and direct the management of his forces with such slight personal danger as General Bragg. The Cape Fear river, with its channel at least three-quarters of a mile from the open beach upon which the enemy had landed, gave him an unobstructed view from a deck of a vessel of all their movements. Besides he could see inside of the fort and with a good glass distinguish individuals. With signal officers comparatively free from danger at Battery Buchanan and on the Mound, perfectly secure on the western shore of the river and on the right flank of his camp, General Bragg could have watched the



progress of the enemy and directed his forces by day; then taking advantage of his knowledge of their disposition and the inability of the fleet to co-operate with them at night, he could have fallen upon them with army and garrison and captured them. He had steamers of all sizes at his command, among them the *Chicamunga*, which did good service with her scant supply of ammunition when the enemy first landed, that could have conveyed him from his camp to the rear of the fort in thirty minutes. With all these facilities, besides the existing telegraph lines on the river for gathering correct information, the general commanding, hid away in the undergrowth of safe sand hills, gathered his news of the condition of the most important part of his command from rumors and from "an escaped officer who reported by telegraph from across the river that the fort was captured." The women, children and old men, who watched the battle from the farm houses across the river, knew more about what was going on in his command than did General Braxton Bragg.

The letter continues:

"No human power could have prevented the enemy from landing, covered as he was by a fleet of ships carrying six hundred heavy guns."

Some fifty yards from the land face of the fort the river bank was high enough to form a perfect defence from the fleet at sea, and from its trend, unfortunately for the besieged, hid an approach to the fort. This natural protection from the fleet extended for some miles up the river until it reached the camp of General Bragg. In the previous attack, Sergeant Glennan had volunteered to carry a message to General Bragg and see if "the coast was clear," and had passed unobserved from fort to camp up this natural covered way, on December 26th, while Butler's troops still occupied the beach. Besides this river bank, from Battery Holland, a half mile north of Fort Fisher to the head of the sound, were a series of batteries, curtains and sand hills, giving excellent protection to infantry against the fire of the fleet. Both nature and art combined to make a landing of troops from beyond the close range of the fort to the head of the sound impossible in the face of a few thousand determined troops, who could have moved from point to point behind the works and hills unobserved by the enemy. It was the opinion of Whiting, Beauregard and Longstreet that a landing south of Masonboro sound was impracticable in the face of a well handled force on shore. The fleet in the day could not have fired over their friends so effectively as to have silenced the sharpshooters, and the few who landed, without works to defend them, would have



been at the mercy of our troops at night. The fact that not a single gun on our sea-face was dismounted, and very few of our soldiers killed and wounded at the guns, shows that the direct fire of the fleet could not have done much damage among sharpshooters behind the works and sand-hills lying parallel to the sea-beach. And yet not one gun was fired upon these invaders of the soil of North Carolina. Admiral Porter says the landing was effected without opposition. General Terry says:

"At 3 o'clock P. M. (13th) nearly 8,000 men, with three days' rations in their haversacks, and forty rounds of ammunition in their boxes, six days' supply of hard bread in bulk, 300,000 additional rounds of small arm ammunition, and a sufficient number of entrenching tools, had been safely landed. The surf on the beach was still quite high, notwithstanding that the weather had become very pleasant, and, owing to it, some of the men had their rations and ammunition ruined by water. With this exception, no accident of any kind occurred."

Captain H. C. Lockwood, Aid-de-Camp to General Ames, says:

"The first troops were landed on the beach about four miles north of New Inlet. Pickets were thrown out in every direction. The enemy did not make any opposition to this movement. In fact, not a single shot was fired at our troops at this time. The landing was accomplished amid the greatest enthusiasm of the soldiers. Cheer upon cheer went up, clearly indicating their splendid moralé. The surf gave some trouble at first, but it seemed to subside as the day progressed."

The officer who had command of the picket line on January 15, wrote that the landing of the troops was "exciting and amusing sport." All this in the face of the army commanded by General Bragg, who censures my garrison for not holding the fort.

General Bragg's letter proceeds:

"Anywhere beyond the range of our heavy guns on the fort our land force could not approach him. Once landed, our only chance was to keep him, if possible, from the fort."

When the enemy got within the range of the heavy guns of the fort, why did he not make the effort to keep him from the fort? General Bragg says:

"We then confronted him as closely as possible, to watch his movements and endeavor to strike if he moved from under his shipping. A dense swamp lay between us and extended three miles towards Fort Fisher. In this position I found the two forces when I reached Gen-

eral Hoke and took the command just at night on Friday. Cavalry was on our extended right towards Fort Fisher, and occupying ground entirely to the sea, placing us between the enemy and the fort for observation. These were to report any movement, and the troops lay upon their arms all night, ready to move to the attack or towards the fort if the enemy did so. My knowledge of the ground was good, as I knew General Hoke's to be, both of us having been over it. I fully approved his dispositions. We staid in our camp under the heavy shelling of the enemy's fleet for the night."

How did he expect the enemy to move from under his shipping? At night, however, the shipping could not cover him, and he did move towards the fort, but General Bragg did not follow. Cavalry on the beach at night to watch the enemy! A reconnoissance that an officer could have made on foot within an hour. To those familiar with the Carolina sea coast at night, and how a man on horseback looms up like a dromedary in the desert, it will not be surprising that these horse-marines, not wishing to become targets for the Federal sharpshooters, followed the example of General Bragg and his army, and retired for the night. The General proceeds:

"No report of any movement having been made, we moved out early to reconnoitre. Hoke towards the fort and I to our left. I found the enemy in strong force in front of our left, as well as could be seen across the swamp. But to our great surprise Hoke found him extended beyond our right and entirely across the peninsula between us and Fort Fisher, and strongly entrenched, having no doubt been there most of the night. Not a word had been heard from our cavalry, and they had evidently withdrawn from their position in the night, and did not themselves know what had occurred, for they fired on Hoke and his staff, who got in front of them in reconnoitring."

While General Bragg and his army slumbered, the industrious Federals coolly and deliberately, after much marching and countermarching, chose a line about two miles from the fort, and by 8 o'clock the next morning had thrown up a line of entrenchments from the sea to the river. General Terry, in his official report, says:

"The first object which I had in view, after landing, was to throw a strong defensive line across the peninsula from Cape Fear river to the sea, facing Wilmington, so as to protect our rear from attack while we should be engaged in operating against Fisher. \* \* \* Shortly before 5 o'clock, leaving Abbott's brigade to cover our stores, the troops were put in motion. On arriving at it, the 'pond' was found to be a sand-flat, sometimes covered with water, giving no assistance to the

defense of a line established behind it. Nevertheless, it was determined to get a line across at this place, and Paine's division, followed by two of Ames's brigade, made their way through. The night was very dark, much of the ground was a marsh, and illy adapted to the construction of works, and the distance was found to be too great to be properly defended by the troops which could be spared from the direct attack upon the fort. It was not until 9 o'clock P. M. that Paine succeeded in reaching the river. The ground, still nearer the fort, was then reconnoitered and found to be much better adapted to our purposes; accordingly, the troops were withdrawn from their last position, and established on a line about two miles from the work. They reached this final position at 2 o'clock A. M. of the 14th instant. Tools were immediately brought up, and entrenchments were commenced. At 8 o'clock a good breastwork, reaching from the river to the sea, and partially covered by abattis, had been constructed, and was in a defensible condition. It was much improved afterward, but from this time our foothold on the peninsula was secured."

General Bragg continues:

"On learning this I put the command in motion, and ordered the enemy dislodged, if it was at all practicable. General Hoke and his brigadiers made a close reconnoissance, and expressed to me the opinion that their troops were unequal to the task. I moved forward with them, and made a close examination, and after a conference confirmed their opinion, and decided not to attack."

Humane commander! This line was held by Paine's division and Abbott's brigade, all colored troops, and numbering less than Hoke's division. General Bragg says:

"The enemy had landed without artillery, and not even a general officer brought a horse."

While General Terry reports:

"Early in the morning of the 14th, the landing of the artillery was commenced, and by sunset all the light guns were gotten on shore. During the following night they were placed on the line, most of them near the river, where the enemy, in case he should attack us, would be least exposed to the fire of the gunboats."

As some of these guns engaged the steamer *Chicamauga*, in full view of the General's camp, it is hard to understand his ignorance of their presence on the beach. The letter proceeds:

"Believing myself that Grant's army could not storm and carry the fort, if it was defended, I felt perfect confidence that we were not only

safe, but that the enemy had assumed a most precarious position, from which he would escape with great difficulty."

If the fort had remained in the condition in which General Bragg saw it previous to January 13th, Grant's army could not have stormed and carried it. It had twenty heavy guns bearing on the beach, supplemented with one mortar and four Napoleons. In front was a perfect palisade line pierced for musketry, and constructed in irregular lines, giving an enfilading fire for light artillery, and in advance were numerous sub-terra mines capable of blowing up the beach from river to sea for more than one hundred yards in front of the works. Although constructed primarily with a view to prevent the entrance of a fleet into the river, yet uninjured by bombardment, it could have resisted any assault. But before the assault fifty thousand shells had expended their fury on the works. Every gun save one 10-inch Columbiad was destroyed, the use of all but one Napoleon rendered impracticable, every wire leading to the mines ploughed up, and the palisade such a wreck as actually to offer a protection to some of the assailants. The terrific fire in front, rear and enfilade from the fleet upon the land face rendering the salients practicable for assault forced me, from the numbers killed and wounded, to cover by bomb-proofs all the troops on the land face except those at the Columbiad and Napoleon and the sharpshooters protected by the traverses. Did General Bragg expect us, if we repelled all the assaults, to pursue the enemy without his co-operation? If not, why, in his inactivity, did he not only consider himself safe, but the enemy in a precarious position? I understood that General Bragg would take advantage of the darkness on the night of the 14th and attack the enemy. About 9 o'clock I went out of the works with Captain Patterson's company as skirmishers and engaged the enemy's pickets to ascertain their position, intending to attack them in force as soon as I heard the advance of General Bragg, but I waited in vain for him to avail himself of the last opportunity to capture the enemy and save the fort, while the fleet would have been forced to remain inactive.

General Bragg adds:

"I accordingly ordered Hoke to entrench immediately in his front, and push his lines close on to him, so as to keep him engaged and closely observed."

I think it must be a mistake. General Hoke was not an officer to disobey the command to keep the enemy engaged. General Bragg continues:

"While this was going on I started one thousand of our best men

who had defended forts at Charleston to reinforce Fisher, and as I considered the garrison there already as sufficient, being two thousand strong, I ordered about six hundred less reliable troops to come out, considering it an unnecessary exposure of life to keep them there. This order, however, was rescinded on General Whiting's appeal, and he was allowed to keep the whole. With this garrison I considered the fort perfectly safe and capable of standing any length of siege."

I am at a loss to know what day the General refers to. No reinforcements came from him on Saturday, the 14th, but during the day, Sunday, the 15th, Colonel Graham arrived at Battery Buchanan with his brigade. He did not land all of them, but telegraphed General Bragg from Smithville at 1 o'clock P. M.: "As instructed by you about four hundred of my men landed at Fisher. The rest were prevented by the fire of the enemy. I will go there to night unless otherwise instructed." About three hundred and fifty of these men reported to me just previous to the assault, and they were all of the one thousand of Bragg's "best men," whom he started for the fort, who got there. General Bragg is not accurate. Up to the arrival of the three hundred and fifty South Carolinians I had but about fifteen hundred and fifty men. If there were others sent to reinforce the fort they never reported, and if more prisoners were captured by General Terry on the peninsula than these figures indicate after subtracting the killed, they did not belong and were not properly chargeable to my garrison. The General says:

"We had steamboat communication with it, which we could keep open at all times during the night."

How odd then not to have sent the reinforcements at night, when the enemy could not have seen them entering the fort. The letter continues:

"The reports from the fort were of the most favorable character up to Sunday evening. Not a gun reported injured, the fort not damaged, and our loss three killed and thirty-two wounded in nearly three days."

It is painful to read this statement. I reported at 6 P. M. on Friday, the 13th, that our casualties were two killed and forty-one wounded. I have recovered the original report, a copy of which was sent to General Bragg. The list of killed and wounded on the 14th was very large, more than double that of the previous day. I have been unable to recover this report, but I remember very distinctly the proportion of killed was very great, detachments being kept at each gun to fire at long intervals, and deliberately, until it was rendered unserviceable by the fire of the fleet. More than ten per cent. of my gar-

rison were killed and wounded by 2 o'clock on Sunday, the 15th, and the land face was in the condition in which I have described it, and all had been reported to General Bragg. The only favorable report sent on Sunday was concerning the undiminished courage and endurance of the troops.

General Bragg says:

"During Sunday I was greatly disturbed by the tone and phraseology of General Whiting's dispatches and by reports of others received from him in town."

Here is the dispatch which disturbed but could not arouse the apathetic Bragg:

"HEADQUARTERS, THIRD MILITARY DISTRICT,

"Fort Fisher, 1.30 P. M., January 14, 1865.

"General Bragg, Commanding, etc.:

"General—I send this boat (Cape Fear) to town for coal and wood, with the request that she return at once. She is necessary here for our communication. The game of the enemy is very plain to me. They are now furiously bombarding my land front. They will continue to do that, in order, if possible, to silence my guns, until they are satisfied that their land force has securely established itself across the neck and rests on the river. Then Porter will attempt to force a passage by to co-operate with the force that takes the river bank. I have received dispatches from you stating that the enemy had extended to the river bank. This they never should have been allowed to do, and if they are permitted to remain there the reduction of Fort Fisher is but a question of time. This has been notified heretofore frequently both to yourself and to the department. I will hold this place to the last extremity, but unless you drive that land force from its position I cannot answer for the security of the harbor. The fire has been and continues to be exceedingly heavy, surpassing not so much in its volume as in its extraordinary concentration, even the fire of Christmas. The garrison is in good spirits and condition.

"I am, General,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"W. H. C. WHITING,

"Major-General."

General Bragg goes on to say:

"As a good officer had been sent in command of the reinforcements I ordered General Whiting on Saturday evening to report to me in person. This order he declined to obey, as he had done one before



about moving troops. My mind was now made up as to his condition and I felt that the safety of the fort required his prompt relief. Brigadier-General Colquitt was accordingly sent to relieve him."

This remarkable letter is dated five days after the fall of the fort. The above statement shows one of two things—that his defeat had seriously affected his mind, or that he distorted the facts to justify himself to his brother. Colonel Graham, who commanded the reinforcements, was my junior, and had within thirty days been under my command by order of General Bragg. It was he who failed to bring in the reinforcements sent to the fort on Saturday. General Bragg never sent the order on Saturday; but here is a copy of the original, dated on Sunday:

"SUGAR-LOAF, January 15—sent at 1.25 P. M.

"General Whiting:

"Colonel Colquitt assigned to immediate command of Fort Fisher. Will go there to-night. General Bragg directs you to report in person at these headquarters this evening, for conference and instructions.

"ARCHER ANDERSON, A. A. G."

This order, sent at the critical moment of the impending assault, and removing a gifted, brilliant and courageous hero, whose men loved him, and would follow him into the jaws of death, and supplanting him with a Georgia militia General, unknown to the garrison, was an act in keeping with the whole of General Bragg's conduct of the defence of Wilmington.

The letter continues:

"About 3 o'clock P. M. Sunday evening, General Whiting informed me the enemy was moving, apparently to assault the fort. Hoke immediately moved to attack them under my direction. A feeble musketry fire was heard at the fort, when it ceased, not lasting over ten minutes. Hoke found them in very strong position and heavy force, ready to receive him. He moved in person close up to their lines with his skirmishers, receiving two balls in his clothes between the left arm and breast. Their line was impracticable for his small command, and I did not hesitate to recall him."

I will show further on that had General Hoke attacked the enemy resolutely at 3 P. M., he would have saved the fort, and with darkness and the coöperation of the garrison, have captured the enemy. For over five hours an incessant musketry fire was kept up by thousands of troops, only ending with the exhaustion of all the ammunition of

the Confederates. The tremendous roar of the bombardment, which ceased but for a few minutes, as the charge on the fort was first sounded by the steam whistles of the fleet, drowned the sound of the small arms; but the Commanding-General seems to have comprehended nothing. General Bragg says further along:

"General Colquitt soon returned and reported. He landed at a point about a mile behind the fort at 10.30 P. M., found everything in confusion, hundreds of men without arms, many of them drunk, and no one apparently in command. Colonel Lamb was there wounded. General Whiting was also pointed out lying on the beach severely wounded, but fast asleep. The enemy soon approached, and Colquitt barely had time to escape in his small boat."

I do not believe General Colquitt ever made such a report, for the charge that my brave men who, for sixty hours had withstood a furious bombardment and who for six hours had engaged in a hand to hand fight, and who had not retreated until their ammunition was gone and with it all hope, were drunk, is too absurd to require a denial. I had no liquor for distribution to the garrison, and what remained in the hospital bombproof was captured by some sailors from the fleet, who becoming intoxicated with it, entered the reserve magazine the morning after the battle seeking plunder, and causing its explosion, which resulted in the death and wounding of nearly two hundred brave men. The soldiers who carried their wounded General and Colonel to Battery Buchanan were without their guns, and also some artillerists who had stood by their cannon until driven away; but those of the garrison who were not captured in the fort were reported to me as having retired in good order.

General Colquitt came up to me and I told him even then, if Bragg would attack vigorously and he would land a fresh brigade that the fort could be retaken, as the enemy had been more or less demoralized by the resistance they met. One of my officers suggested that General Colquitt should carry me off, but I refused to leave, as no means had been provided for the retreat of my men, and I wished to share their fate, but I asked General Colquitt to take General Whiting, as he was a volunteer in the fort. But to my astonishment he left precipitately, leaving the wounded and bleeding hero to die in a Northern prison. The General was not asleep, but giving directions to his Adjutant-General about meeting the enemy.

Here comes the most extraordinary portion of this "confidential" epistle. It says:

"Now for statements made by the enemy when meeting us under flag of truce. They assert that they walked into the fort without resistance, not a shot being fired at them, our men all being in the bomb-proofs; that after they got in a small force was rallied and fought them very gallantry, inflicting a heavy loss, but they soon overcame them and captured most of our officers and men, without arms, under cover of the bomb-proofs, and with the exception of Colonel Lamb, all the officers of any rank and many men were too drunk for duty."

For General Bragg to repeat the slanders, circulated, we presume, by some gossiping subalterns, was adding insult to injury. My whole command which, previous to the attacks, had extended from New Inlet to Masonboro', some twenty miles, had been noted for its sobriety. I had been sent to Fort Fisher to discipline the garrison against the temptations incident to blockade running. My first act on taking command, July 4, 1862, was to suspend an officer for being intoxicated, and I had him cashiered. The officers and men were not allowed the use of intoxicating liquors. I was among them all during both engagements, and I never saw them drink liquor, or show any evidence of its use. It is possible that some of the last reinforcements may have brought some with them, but I doubt it. Captain Munn, who was near me, and to whom I transferred the command of the force with me when I fell, was an officer of the strictest sobriety. As to the gallant Whiting and his staff, I desire once for all to repel the infamous charge that they indulged in liquor, or were under its influence while in Fort Fisher, and I beg all who know me, or who cherish the memory of that heroic officer, to denounce as false, upon my authority, this malicious slander.

When all of the heavy guns on the land face, save one, were disabled, I required a full detachment to stand by the remaining Columbiad, and ordered all the men belonging to the other batteries to remain in the galleries and bomb-proofs in their immediate rear, except so many sharpshooters, who were to watch and annoy the enemy on shore, as could be measurably protected from the fire of the fleet by the heavy traverses. I also required a detachment to man the Napoleon in the rear of the left salient at all hazards, and the two Napoleons to be run out and used in front of the centry sally-port whenever the fire of the fleet rendered it practicable. I had placed the portions of the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth South Carolina regiments, which reported just previous to the assault in a bomb-proof, about one hundred feet in the rear and to the left of the central sally-port. As soon as the enemy threw their sharpshooters forward, I manned the parapets with strong

detachments of sharpshooters to return their fire, and prevent, if possible, an advance. This was done despite the destructive fire of the fleet. When this fire ceased, and the steam whistles sounded for the charge, I ordered the reserves to man the parapets, and the South Carolina regiments to double quick to the rear of the left salient, between which and the river shore there was a space of some sixty feet, protected only by a shallow ditch, the remnants of a palisade, and one Napoleon. I went to meet the column assaulting my northeast salient, the success of which would have been fatal, as it would capture the centre of my work, and I sent my aid, Captain Blocker, with the South Carolina regiments, to report to Major Riley on the left.

I will now let the gallant officers who captured my fort say whether they "walked into the fort without resistance, not a shot being fired at them." While they, very naturally, were not disposed to extol the gallantry of their enemies, I prefer to give their version instead of that of my officers or my own. Admiral Porter, in his official report, says:

"I detailed 1,600 sailors and 400 marines to accompany the troops in the assault, the sailors to board the sea face, while the troops assaulted the land side. \* \* All the arrangements on the part of the sailors had been well carried out. They had succeeded in getting up to within a short distance of the fort, and lay securely in their ditches. We had but very few killed and wounded up to this point. The marines were to have held the rifle-pits and cover the boarding party, which they failed to do. On rushing through the palisades, which extended from the fort to the sea, the head of the column received a murderous fire of grape and canister, which did not, however, check the officers and sailors who were leading. The parapets now swarmed with rebels, who poured in a destructive fire of musketry. At this moment, had the marines performed their duty, every one of the rebels would have been killed. I witnessed the whole affair, saw how recklessly the rebels exposed themselves and what an advantage they gave our sharpshooters, whose guns were scarcely fired, or fired with no precision. Notwithstanding the hot fire, officers and sailors in the lead rushed on, and some even reached the parapet, a large number having reached the ditch. The advance was swept from the parapet like chaff, and notwithstanding all the efforts made by commanders of companies to stop them, the men in the rear, seeing the slaughter in front, and that they were not covered by the marines, commenced to retreat, and as there is no stopping a sailor

if he fails on such an occasion on the first rush, I saw the whole thing had to be given up."

In regard to the assault on the left of the work I refer the reader to General Terry's official report, which is easily accessible. General Terry's testimony must stamp forever as false the charge that "they (the Federals) walked into the fort without resistance, not a shot being fired at them, our men (the Confederates) all being in the bomb-proofs." I had about five hundred men with me on and near the redan or north-east salient repulsing the sailors and marines. This heroic column from the fleet struggled with us for thirty minutes or more, and did not retreat until about three hundred officers and men fell dead or wounded. There were in the western salient (which was an unclosed battery) about two hundred and fifty men. The South Carolinians ordered there would have made six hundred men, but they did not move up promptly, and did not reach the work. The two hundred and fifty officers and men had to withstand the shock of two of General Ames's brigades—more than ten to one. My officers there claim that they twice repulsed the assault on the parapet, and that all of the original detachment at the Napoleon were killed and wounded, and that Captain Brady detailed men from his company to take their place, and these were killed, wounded or captured at the gun, whose carriage was riddled with bullets. When Captain Melvin surrendered the survivors, some two hundred, they were enveloped by Curtis's brigade in front, and Pennybacker's brigade in the rear, and besides, the two guns at Battery Buchanan had commenced to fire upon this salient, killing and wounding friend and foe indiscriminately. War never witnessed more determined bravery, and the fact that these brave men continued at their posts until overwhelmed, instead of retreating into the main work before the formidable assault, as they could honorably have done, proves each as much a hero as though victory had crowned their efforts.

There were three lines of mines in front of the work, and I intended at the moment of assault to explode one of them, and thus paralyze the assailants, giving me time to man the parapets with all of my reserves. At the final rush, I gave the signal, but there was no response—the tremendous fire of the fleet having ploughed up the connecting wires and rendered the mines harmless. As this was our main defence against assault on the extreme left, where the only remaining obstacle to an entrance into the fort was the remnants of a palisade and a single Napoleon, the failure of the mines to explode was enough to discourage the stoutest hearts, but it only seemed to make the men more stubborn in their resistance. As soon as the sail-

ors and marines retreated, I moved the whole of my available infantry some eight hundred men to dislodge the enemy, who had captured the left salient, two gun-chambers adjoining, and were busy entrenching inside my work. The heroic Whiting, who had rushed to the parapet and encouraged the troops in resisting the naval brigade, now led the van, and receiving two wounds in endeavoring to reach a Federal standard-bearer, had to be carried to the rear.

A hand-to-hand fight on the parapet and over a traverse ensued, while in the work, from behind everything that would yield the slightest protection to my men, a rapid fire was poured into the advancing column of three brigades. The enemy halted in the face of our desperate assault. I then had the two heavy guns on the mound, and two from another battery on the sea-face, turned on their column, and these, with the two guns from Battery Buchanan, seemed to have a demoralizing effect, as their fire slackened and their flags disappeared from the top of the traverses. Notwithstanding the loss of a part of the work, and of the garrison, and the serious effect of the fire of the fleet among our men, the garrison seemed in splendid spirits, and determined, if possible, to dislodge the foe. Believing that General Bragg, with the facilities at his command, was thoroughly posted as to affairs in the fort, and would now attack, I felt that a determined charge on our part, with this threatened danger in the rear, would cause a retreat by the enemy, and we would regain the work. I passed down the line, and officers and men, with the wildest enthusiasm, promised to follow me. As I sprang forward to lead them, I was shot down, several of my most gallant officers falling with me. The forward movement stopped with my fall, and afterwards the enemy, having been strongly reinforced, began an advance, which, although stoutly and even recklessly resisted for five hours (until all the ammunition was expended), resulted in the capture of the whole work. Not only were all the cartridges in the magazine consumed, but those in the boxes of the wounded and slain were gathered up by a detail and given to the men in action. My appeals to the officers and men to continue the struggle after I had fallen, were not from any disregard of the lives of my soldiers, as some have unkindly charged—but as General Lee had sent word to me that the fort was necessary to keep open the gateway to supply his army with food and clothing from abroad, I desired the resistance prolonged so long as there was a chance for General Bragg to come to our assistance and recall the enemy to their own defensive line. That this would have been the result of a determined attack upon the part of General Bragg, I am



convinced by my conversations with Federal officers after my capture.

An officer, writing of our attempt to dislodge the besiegers, says:

"With the slackening of the naval fire the great bastion at the angle grew freer to offer resistance; the reversed guns of the inlet face of the fort, and the rifle line inside, found more area to play upon. So the work grew harder, and the progress slower. The rebels gained by the concentration, their artillery swelling a louder and louder roar as our naval fire grew faint. Then they turned assaulters, and dashed at the nearest traverse in our hands. Then came a time when, for hours, the battle made no progress either way. \* \* \* \*

"Somewhere about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the obstinate fight looked dubious, a distant sound of startling omen came to my ears—a sound of firing from the north. Absorbed as I was in the terrible game in front, I was alive enough to the responsibility of my position, as commander of the picket line, to hear this sound, which was probably inaudible to all other ears at Fort Fisher. An outburst of musketry from the north—to me an attack from Wilmington upon my northern picket line—an attempt to force our northern line of works across the peninsula! And this, too, coming at the critical hour when the assault at the fort had slackened to a standstill, and the exhausted men were losing heart. Turning to the northward with reluctant haste and anxious forebodings, I ran ankle-deep through the loose sand, which was dotted and spattered with grapeshot and bullets. \* \* But no more firing sounded from the north; it was absolutely still in that direction. This was so reassuring, that I slackened my pace as I came among the pines, and presently, coming upon the idle groups of negro soldiers lolling about the rear of their unscathed breastworks, I knew at last that General Hoke had made no impression on them."

Can any one doubt that if at this critical period in the attack General Bragg had done his duty and fiercely assaulted the enemy he would have retreated from the work to defend his rear?

General Bragg continues in his letter:

"It is known that General Whiting left here for the fort on Friday in a steamer with a large party of these money-kings, called blockade-runners, and a very large supply of the material to produce this result,"

The facts are: General Whiting and his staff arrived in the fort in the afternoon of Friday in the midst of the terrific bombardment. I did not know of their approach, until the General came up to me and remarked: "Lamb, my boy, I have come to share your fate. You and your garrison are to be sacrificed." I replied: "Don't say so, General,

we will certainly whip the enemy again." He then told me that when he left Wilmington, Bragg was looking for a place to fall back upon. I tendered him the command, although he had come into the fort without orders and unarmed; he refused it, saying he would advise and counsel with me, but would leave me to conduct the defense of my fort. General Bragg adds:

"The fighting done was, no doubt, by the veterans who had reached the fort from Hoke's command. To my mind this is a clear solution of the whole thing."

This reflection upon my heroic garrison, forces me to state, what otherwise, I would leave unsaid, and that is, that with the exception of some brave officers and about forty men, under Captain Carson, the senior officer, the two South Carolina regiments (which was all of Hoke's command which reached me) failed to respond to my order to double quick to the left salient, although appealed to by their officers. They were somewhat excusable, for they had just passed through a severe fire in reaching the fort, and hardly recovered their breath after a double quick of a mile through the sand, and they afterwards, I was told, came out and fought gallantly. And now for the last clause in this letter.

General Bragg says:

"Blockade running has cured itself. \* \* All, even to the privates, were more or less interested in the business. Under an arrangement with General Whiting, I learn salvage was regularly allowed on all property saved from wrecks, which was not stolen, and every vessel arriving made certain contributions of luxuries, whiskey being the principal."

I can only speak for my own garrison; but as this charge is false in regard to it, I take it for granted it is untrue as to all. I know of no officer or private in my command who was interested in blockade running. Of the very many captains who came in and went out under the protection of my guns, all will testify that I not only never asked, but refused to allow cotton or any articles of merchandise to be carried for me. Without my knowledge or consent, unknown parties sent out ten bales of cotton in my name and notified me, through Trenholm & Co., that they were in Liverpool, subject to my order. I immediately ordered them sold, and the proceeds to be invested in two one hundred and thirty-pounder Whitworth rifles, and ammunition for Fort Fisher. The order was executed. Some of the ammunition arrived, but the guns never got nearer than Nassau.

Many vessels which were beached to save them from capture were

protected by my light artillery, and details were made to recover the cargoes so valuable to our people. For these important services I allowed the men to be paid a moderate compensation for their labor and injury to clothing, by those interested in the cargoes; indeed, I felt that I had no right to prevent their receiving so trifling a remuneration.

From the repulse of General Butler and Admiral Porter on Christmas day, 1864, until the second expedition appeared against Fort Fisher, January 13th, 1865, the work was neglected by General Bragg. I had lost some important guns by explosion, and had several dismounted. The quarters of the men had all been destroyed, and with them their overcoats and blankets. Our provisions had been injured, and much of our ammunition expended. The garrison had been reduced in numbers, while the sick and slightly wounded were left to our care. I appealed to General Bragg for guns to replace those destroyed, for new carriages in place of those rendered useless, for additional ammunition, especially hand grenades, to repulse assaults. I asked that sub-marine torpedoes be placed where the ironclads had anchored, and where they would and did return. General Whiting approved all my requests. I felt sure that the enemy would return with redoubled vigor, and nothing being done to assist me to repair damages, or strengthen my position, I wrote to Governor Vance, and appealed to him to aid me in getting General Bragg to realize our situation. But no assistance was rendered, and I was not even warned of the returning fleet, but reported its reappearance to Wilmington from the fort. I have never complained of this, and mention it now to show the utter neglect with which the fort was treated by the Commanding-General, who seeks to throw the whole responsibility of the loss of Fort Fisher upon my garrison.

In those sixty hours of continuous battle, when my men were unable to provide a single meal, but had to subsist on uncooked rations and corn-meal coffee, when they were without overcoats or blankets to make them a bed in the sand, I heard no murmur of complaint, but witnessed deeds of heroism unsurpassed in ancient or modern story. I beheld acts of individual daring which would brighten the pages of history, or lend a charm to poetry. Side by side, as privates in the ranks, were brilliant youths, with as proud a lineage as any American could boast, and illiterate tillers of the soil, stirred with a patriotic love of home and State, sharing common hardships and dangers with that solid middle class, who, while not as reckless, were equally resolute. Nowhere, and at no time, in that or any struggle for right and country, did the sons of Carolina ever fill to greater overflowing the full measure of

patriotic duty, and their State will be recreant to her past renown and her present greatness if she fails to defend from defamation their stainless reputations.

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**Reminiscences of the War.**

By GENERAL WILLIAM SMITH.

**SKIRMISH AT FAIRFAX C. H., MAY 31ST 1861.**

[None who knew him could fail to admire the enthusiastic courage with which Governor Wm. Smith, of Virginia, threw himself into the thickest of the fight for Southern independence, and gave an example of patience under hardships which younger men might well have emulated. Now in his eighty fifth year; but with the clear intellect and retentive memory of his vigorous manhood, he proposes to write us some of his personal reminiscences of the great struggle.

The following paper on the skirmish at Fairfax Courthouse, will be followed by one on the first battle of Manassas. We are sure our readers will thank us for these interesting sketches by this gallant old hero.]

On the night of the 31st of May, 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell (subsequently General Ewell), just out of the Federal lines, in which he was Captain of cavalry, was in command, and had been for two weeks, of the Confederate forces at Fairfax Courthouse. This was a small village of some 300 inhabitants, and was the county seat of the noted county of Fairfax. The village was built, principally, on the Little River turnpike, and at a point thereon fourteen miles from the city of Alexandria. The turnpike was used as the main street of the village; and was its only avenue to the west. The most important buildings of the village were the court-house and its appurtenances, including a lot of several acres, well enclosed, and on the northern side, with a high-boarded fence; and the hotel and its appurtenances and enclosure. These buildings were opposite each other—the court-house on the south and the hotel on the north side of the turnpike. The court-house lot was not only well enclosed, but was also surrounded with streets—first, the turnpike, on the north side, as before stated; second, a street on the west side, leading from the turnpike into Stevenson's farm and there, at an intersecting point, running due east with the court-house lot to its intersection with the street, binding said lot in its eastern side and running from the hotel south 230 steps to the Meth-

odist church, and thence to Fairfax station. I mention these facts with more particularity, as it will assist the reader to understand what follows. I proceed now to add, for the same purpose, that Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell's quarters were at the hotel; that Captain Thornton's company of cavalry, of about sixty men, were on the same side of the street with the hotel, the horses in the stable of the hotel, and the men in a church a short distance further west. Captain Green's cavalry company, also about sixty strong, was quartered in the courthouse lot, the horses picketed in the lot, and the men sleeping in the courthouse. Captain Marr's company of rifles, about ninety strong, was quartered in the Methodist church, which, as I have said, was 230 steps from the hotel. This company had only arrived that day (the 31st), and had not seen Colonel Ewell, nor been seen by him, he being out on a scout.

Captain Marr, after making his company comfortable in their new quarters, sent out a picket of two men on the Falls Church road, the only approach it was deemed necessary to guard. I arrived at Fairfax Courthouse about 5 P. M. of the same day, on a visit to Marr's company, which being raised in my neighborhood, although known as the Warrenton Rifles, I designated as "my boys." After seeing them at their quarters, and spending a pleasant hour with them, and after a gratifying interview with Colonel Ewell (whom I knew well, but had not seen for many years,) and many other friends, for the little village was quite crowded, I retired with Joshua Gunnell, Esq., to the comfortable quarters he had kindly tendered me at his house. This brought me within about one hundred yards of Marr's command. I shall be pardoned, I trust, for introducing my name into this statement of the situation, but the circumstances will excuse, if not make it necessary, I should have done so. The only companies then at Fairfax Courthouse, on the night of the 31st of May, were those I have mentioned. They had seen no service, and were entirely undisciplined. The cavalry companies were badly armed, and Colonel Ewell, in his official account of the affairs which subsequently occurred, says: "The two cavalry companies (Rappahannock and Prince William) had very few fire arms and no ammunition, and took no part in the affair." *So here is the number and character of our entire force on the 31st of May, 1861, and the only force in any way concerned in the affair of the next morning.*

In this state of things, the enemy having determined on a scout, I have concluded to let Lieutenant Tompkins, commanding, speak for himself by publishing his official report:

"CAMP UNION, VIRGINIA, June 1, 1861.

*Sir*,—I have the honor to report, pursuant to verbal instructions received from the Colonel-Commanding, that I left this camp on the evening of 31st of May in command of a detachment of Company B, Second Cavalry, consisting of fifty men, with second Lieutenant David S. Gordon, Second Dragoons, temporarily attached for the purpose of reconnoitering the country in the vicinity of Fairfax Courthouse. Upon approaching the town the picket guard was surprised and captured. Several documents were found upon their persons, which I herewith inclose. On entering the town of Fairfax my command was fired upon by the Rebel troops from the windows and house-tops. Charged on a company of mounted rifles, and succeeded in driving them from town. Immediately two or three additional companies came up to their relief, who immediately commenced firing upon us, which fire I again returned. Perceiving that I was largely outnumbered, I deemed it advisable to retreat, which I did in good order, taking five prisoners, fully armed and equipped, and two horses. Nine horses were lost during the engagement, and four wounded.

"The force actually engaged at the commencement of the engagement were two companies of cavalry and one rifle company, but reinforcements coming in from camps adjacent to the Courthouse, which I learn from reliable authority, increased their force to upwards of 1,000 men. Twenty-five of the enemy were killed and wounded. Captains Cary, Fearing and Adjutant Frank, of the Fifth New York State Militia, accompanied the command as volunteers, and did very effective service. I regret to state that Captain Cary was wounded in the foot."

(The concluding paragraph of Lieutenant Tompkins's official report is omitted as unnecessary.)

The following report by General McDowell, commanding, had been previously made to the Adjutant-General:

"ARLINGTON, June 1, 1861—12 M.

*Sir*,—The following facts have just been reported to me by the Orderly-Sergeant of Company B, Second Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Tompkins, the commanding officer being too unwell to report in person. It appears that Company B, Second Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Tompkins (aggregate about seventy-five), left its camp about 10½ last night on a scout, and reached Fairfax Courthouse about 3 A. M., where they found several hundred men stationed—Captain Ewell, late of the United States Dragoons, said to be in command. A



skirmish took place, in which a number of the enemy were killed, how many the Sergeant does not know. Many bodies were seen on the ground, and several were taken into the court-house and seen there by one of our cavalry, who was a prisoner for a short time and afterwards made his escape.

Five prisoners were captured by our troops. Their names are as follows, viz: (Names not given by General McDowell; and concluding paragraph omitted as unnecessary.)

The above quotations from the official reports of Lieutenant Tompkins and General McDowell are so full of errors that it is due to truth and justice they should be exposed. I repeat that the whole Confederate force at Fairfax Courthouse, on the night of the 31st of May, 1861, was composed of the companies and of the character and description I have heretofore named; and I will add, that the only additional force which came to our assistance was sent for by Colonel Ewell, and was composed of the cavalry companies of Harrison and Wickham, who did not reach the Courthouse until after sunrise, and fully two hours after the enemy had been finally repulsed, by little more than half his number of Captain Marr's rifles.

Lieutenant Tompkins says: "It will be observed, that he was in command of a detachment of Company B, Second Cavalry, consisting of fifty men, with Second Lieutenant David S. Gordon's Second Dragoons temporarily attached."

He subsequently adds: "Captains Cary, Fearing and Adjutant Frank, of the Fifth New York State Militia, accompanied the command as volunteers." General McDowell says: "It appears that Company B, Second Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Tompkins, (aggregate about seventy-five)." General Bonham, after an examination of the three prisoners taken, reports, "the enemy was eighty to eighty-five strong." Colonel Ewell in his official report says: "Three prisoners were brought in, who separately reported their strength at eighty, rank and file." And two of the prisoners taken by the enemy, intelligent men, with whom I have communicated, think the enemy's force must have been from seventy-five to one hundred men. All this testimony with what I saw, satisfied me that Lieutenant Tompkins had his company, and not a detachment thereof with him, and that his force was about eighty men, and not fifty, as he reports.

Lieutenant Tompkins says: "Upon approaching the town the picket-guard was surprised and captured." This was on the Fall's church road, about a mile below the town. One of Marr's pickets was captured, made his escape in town, and joined us, as he says, in the fight

which subsequently occurred. The firing of the enemy at the pickets did more to spread a knowledge of his approach, than all our pickets, and not in the detail. On the alarm being given, lights were soon moving in the hotel. The cavalry companies located as before described, commenced to form, forming on a line with the court-house enclosure, on the part of the Prince William company, and on the street or turn-pike over which the enemy must pass in charging through town, while the Rappahannock company, similarly employed, was forming in the court-house lot, but with the advantage of being protected from an enemy by a high boarded fence. Neither company was nearly formed when the enemy appeared. Lieutenant Tompkins, says: "On entering the town of Fairfax, my command was fired upon by the rebel troops, from the windows and the house-tops." In this the Lieutenant was under a gross mistake. Not a shot from any direction, up to this time had been fired at him; on the contrary, Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell speaking of the alarm, says: "This was soon followed by their appearance, firing at the windows and doors of the hotel, where there were no resistance or troops." Lieutenant Tompkins further says: "That he charged on a company of rifles, and succeeded in driving them from the town." This is a gross mistake, we had no such force. It is true, as the enemy went through the town firing to the right and left, apparently at random, and as if for no other purpose than to excite alarm, he drove before him a small portion of the Prince William cavalry, four of whom he succeeded on this occasion in capturing, the Rappahannock Company having been left behind in the court-house lot to complete its formation at leisure.

In the meantime, the alarm having reached Captain Marr also, he promptly deployed his company in Stevenson's clover field, his right near the road to the Fairfax Station and near its quarters, the Methodist church, and parallel with the street before described, and which divided the clover field from the court-house lot, resting its left on the road leading to the Stevenson farm house. Here Captain Marr was found, the next morning, dead, (and apparently without having had a struggle in his last moments,) one hundred and fifty steps from the church, and thence two hundred and thirty steps to the hotel, thus constituting an obtuse tri-angle. Here he was, doubtless, handling his men, and was struck by a random shot to the left, fired by the enemy as he passed the court-house, the distance being, as well as I can judge, three hundred steps. I have not been able to ascertain that anyone of his men knew of his death—the clover was very rank and tall, and I am told

completely enveloped his person, which may account for it. And, further, from a careful examination of his wound next morning, I became satisfied that the Captain was killed, as I have before said, by a random shot. The wound was immediately over the heart—had a perfect circular suffusion of blood under the skin, something larger than a silver dollar, but the skin was unbroken, and not a drop of blood was shed. Nothing but a round spent ball could have inflicted such a wound. Manifestly, it was the shock of the blow, which, suspending the machinery of the heart, had necessarily produced instant death. It was reported to me that Captain Marr, when found, was upon his face, with his sword firmly gripped in his right hand, not having taken time, it is inferred, in the hurry and excitement of passing events, to belt it round his person. Captain Marr being thus killed, a fact unknown to his men, the enemy having gone up the turn-pike, driving part of the Prince William company before it, and the Rappahannock company left in the court-house lot having completed its formation, moved into the street, west of said lot, and to avoid the enemy on his return, turning in the direction of Marr's men, near the Stevenson road was, in the extreme darkness, mistaken by them for the enemy, and was fired upon, severely wounding one of the cavalry. This, very naturally, impressed the cavalry company with the idea they had been fired upon by the enemy. So that under the mutual mistake, the cavalry being entirely unfit for effectual service, and the left wing of the Rifles demoralized by the unexpected disappearance of its Captain, both dispersed, and sought safety in darkness, perhaps as intense as I ever saw.

While these events were occurring, of which I knew nothing other than from the noise, I was satisfied that the enemy had passed through town. I was delayed briefly in fixing my tape to my Maynard rifle. Hurrying to the quarters of the Warrenton Rifles, I found about forty or forty-five of them, a short distance this side of their quarters, standing in the clover lot before referred to and resting on the fence which enclosed it, and without an officer. I promptly addressed them, "Boys, where is your Captain?" They answered, "We do not know, sir." Where is your Lieutenant (meaning Shackleford)? The answer was the same. (It is due that I should say that both the Lieutenants, Shackleford and McGee were absent on leaves with their families). Knowing that the men did not look to the other officers to command, I said to them, "Boys, you know me, follow me." Without hesitation, they jumped the the fence, and at the corner of the court-house lot on the sidewalk leading from the church to the hotel, I, without the slightest knowledge of tactics, commenced to form them into two files. I had

nearly completed my work, when hearing a disturbance at the head of the column, I walked rapidly up the line to hear what was the matter. Nearing the head of the column, I heard Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell, in his impetuous way, say to one of the men (Davidson), "What, sir, do you dispute my authority?" To which the young man, in a very proper manner replied, "I do sir, until I know you have a right to exercise it." Taking in the situation, and aware that The Rifles and this officer were strangers to each other, I at once said, "Men, this is Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell, your commanding officer, a gallant soldier, in whom you may place every confidence." Of course this ended the trouble. The men might well be excused for doubting Colonel Ewell, for when he came up, he was bare and bald-headed, in his shirt sleeves and bleeding. Fearful that the enemy might be on his return through town before we were prepared to intercept him, Colonel Ewell again hurried to the column to complete its formation, which was soon accomplished. We put ourselves at the head, and gave the command "march," having two hundred yards to go before we could reach the turnpike, running by the hotel and over which the enemy must pass on his return. It was during this march that Colonel Ewell told me how he came to be in his then condition, that he had undertaken to run across the street from the hotel, just ahead of the enemy's column, which he supposed he could do under cover of the darkness, that the commanding officer of the enemy discovering that some one was crossing the street in front of him, had fired upon him, and struck him in the fleshy part of the shoulder, that as he ran, he jerked off his uniform, and pitched it into a lot, his fear being that the enemy might discover he was an officer, and might make a special effort to capture him. The coat was found next morning in Powell's porch below Gunnell's, and accounts for Ewell's tardiness in reaching The Rifles. He then said to me, that as soon as we reached the hotel he would have to leave me to get a courier to send off to Fairfax Station for some calvary camped at that place, and added that as I seemed to have a turn for this sort of thing, I must take charge of the boys and manage them to the best advantage until he rejoined me.

I will here collate the incidents which had occurred up to this time. I think it was a little before 3 A. M., and very dark, when the enemy struck our pickets, and entering town, and near the hotel, as described, wounded Colonel Ewell—commenced firing to the right and left, clearly with no other object than to alarm—killing Captain Marr by a chance shot at a distance of three hundred yards, never pausing for a moment, but driving the Prince William cavalry before them, and stopping at

the stream west of the town, manifestly to reform and to return through the town, the dispersion of the Rappahannock cavalry, and the larger portion of the Warrenton Rifles, and the organization of those remaining, by Colonel Ewell and myself, and marching them promptly to the point of interception of the enemy, should he undertake to return through the town, as was expected. I am confident that all these incidents occurred within the first half an hour of the first appearance of the enemy in town; resulting in the slight wounding of Colonel Ewell, the killing of Captain Marr, and the dispersion of the whole Confederate force, except some forty to forty-five of the Rifles, then in hand; and with which to redeem the fortunes of the night.

But to resume, we had just struck the turn-pike, and turning our little squad to the left had got it cleverly on the road between the hotel and the court-house, when the enemy appeared advancing. My purpose was to advance until I found a good position for the expected fight, but we had to take things as we found them. Both of us had narrow fronts, two files, and neither could deploy, the road being enclosed on each side by the fences of the hotel and the court-house respectively. The enemy halted, because, (I suppose,) he saw something occupying the road in his front. Flushed with their success, they were manifestly in considerable disorder, and when I ordered the Rifles to fire, which, owing to their position, was obeyed to a very limited and inefficient extent, I do not think the enemy returned it. But, reversing his movement returned, I inferred, to the run west of the town, to reform his command, I presume, in order to charge, in order, through the town. It must have been at this time, or when we first entered the turn-pike, (for I saw no more of him afterwards,) that Colonel Ewell left the command to dispatch a courier to bring up the cavalry companies of Harrison and Wickham, camped at Fairfax Station, three miles from the court-house. Captain Thornton, I was informed, went on this duty. Neither man, nor beast, that I could ascertain, sustained the slightest injury in this collision.

Having been left to my own discretion, and perfectly satisfied that my position was untenable against any mounted force of dash and courage, I followed immediately on the retiring footsteps of the enemy. It was not until I had reached Cooper's wagon shop, ascertained by recent measurement to be one hundred and ninety-five steps west from the court-house, that I found a place which satisfied my judgment. Here I found a new post and rail fence, on each side of the turn-pike—the one on the south side, helping to enclose the wagon shop yard. Feeling safe in this position, I at once divided my command, placing it on

opposite sides of the road, and protecting it by the post and rail fence. I stated to the men, if I was not much mistaken, the enemy would soon appear—that they would seem a dark moving mass, and when I gave the command “fire” they must all aim at the head of the column, my object being to crush it in, throw the command into confusion, win time, deliberately to reload, and to give them another plunging volley before they could recover from their confusion. And in that way I said, I counted on whipping the veteran enemy, although our superior in numbers. I had scarcely gotten through with this statement of my plans and purposes, when the enemy appeared. Near the Episcopal church, fifty steps, by subsequent measurement, west of the position we occupied, I first discovered him. He was leisurely advancing, and when within forty yards of us, I gave the command “fire.” It was admirably executed. Another fine volley followed, and a third partially, when the enemy fell back. During this time the enemy fired wildly and irregularly, not only without wounding or killing any of my men, but not even entertaining “The Rifles” with the whistle of a bullet. The result of this affair was the capture on our part of three prisoners, I think four horses, a number of horses killed and wounded, and, according to General McDonald’s first official report, (which I have,) one man killed and six wounded, besides a number of arms and fancies, such as photographs of pretty women and the like, picked up after the fight. This whole affair occupied a very short time, during which Colonel Ewell was engaged in getting his courier, and preparing his dispatch to order up the troops from Fairfax Station—it could not have exceeded twenty-five minutes. I repeat that the enemy’s passage through town resulted in the casualties as stated—the dispersion of the entire Confederate force, with the exception of some forty to forty-five of the Rifles—that our cavalry, for the reason stated by Colonel Ewell, I suppose, “took no part in the affair”—that in passing through town, as Colonel Ewell officially says, the enemy “did not stop, but passed through toward German-town,” and was not fired upon, the cavalry, I repeat, taking no part in the affair, and the Rifles being, at the nearest point, two hundred and thirty steps off—that the first collision which took place, was between the enemy, on his return through town, and about forty of the Rifles, and occurred on the street, between the hotel and court-house inclosures, without damage to either, the enemy retreating, and that the final affair took place one hundred and ninety-five steps from the former, resulting in the inglorious retreat of Company B, Second United States Cavalry, before, certainly not more than forty-five young Virginians, but little more, if any, than half the number of their veteran



enemy, and that, too, without inflicting upon us the slightest injury. In this final fight, if I may so express myself, Lieutenant Tompkins says, "Perceiving I was largely out-numbered, I deemed it advisable to retreat, which I did in good order." I re-affirm upon my honor that the force which Lieutenant Tompkins assumes to be largely superior to his own, did not exceed forty-five men; and that he was permitted to retreat "in order," in consequence of our inferiority of numbers and our utter want of military experience. He further says that we increased our "force to upwards of a thousand men." Now I assert that no reinforcements joined us until long after his inglorious retreat before an inferior force; and that the only force which did join us were the companies of Captains Harrison and Wickham, for whom Colonel Ewell had sent, and they did not arrive until some time after sunrise. Lieutenant Tompkins officially reports that, "twenty-five of the enemy were killed and wounded." This is most inexcusable mendacity. I again say that except from the chance-medley firing of the enemy as he passed through town, we did not sustain the slightest injury. At the first collision we received no injury, and are not aware that we inflicted any. At the second and last, we certainly received no injury, but inflicted considerable damage upon the enemy, and forced him to seek safety by retiring from the contest, through the fields of an adjoining farm.

I have thus presented the facts of this little affair, most of which are within my personal knowledge, whilst those contributed by others have been adopted, only after the most patient investigation.

Warrenton, Va., June, 1882.

WM. SMITH.

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**Our Fallen Brave.**

By Miss FANNIE H. MARR.

[It seems appropriate to follow General Smith's account of the killing of Captain Marr, by the beautiful poem written by his sister, and read at the last "Memorial Day" in Warrenton.]

They lie 'neath many a marble shaft,  
Our noble, fallen brave;  
They lie on many a battle field,  
In many an unmarked grave.  
They lie by Honor guarded safe,  
In peaceful, dreamless rest;  
They lie by every valiant heart  
And patriot spirit blees'd.

They come on these Memorial Days,  
 They haunt the very air  
 With scenes long passed, with forms long stilled,  
 With words and deeds that were.  
 They come to mourning household bands  
 They come in heart and thought!  
 They come in struggles they have made,  
 In battles they have fought.  
 They come,—and living voices speak  
 Their names and deeds once more;  
 We give a flower—a sigh—and then  
 Memorial Day is o'er.

O children, dear, who never saw  
 The old Confederate gray;  
 Who never saw our soldiers march  
 With flag and drum away;  
 Who never saw the dead brought back,  
 The wounded line the street;  
 Who never heard the cannon's roar,  
 Nor tramp of victor feet;  
 Keep as a holy trust this day  
 To their remembrance true,  
 Who, sorely tried, were faithful found,  
 And fought and died for you.  
 That so, though dead, they still may live;  
 Live on, as year by year,  
 This day recalls the memories  
 So sacred and so dear.  
 Live on, though ages o'er them roll;  
 Live on in flower-decked grave:  
 Live on in hearts that cherish still  
 Our own, our fallen brave.

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**Diary of a Confederate Soldier.**

By Rev. J. G. Law.

[One of the most important offices of the historian is to show the *inside life* of the people concerning whom he writes, and anything that contributes to an understanding of the feelings, habits, character, and private life of "the men who wore the gray," will prove valuable material for the future historian. The diary of Rev. John G. Law, just as it was written at the time in camp, or on the march, will be, therefore, both interesting and valuable.]

*Wednesday, Nov. 6th, 1860.*—Cast my first vote to-day for Bell and

Everett. Very little excitement. Citizens go to the polls, cast their vote and return to their homes, impressed with the solemn fact that this day is to decide the destiny of our country. Dark and lowering clouds hover over the political horizon. The recent elections in the northern States indicate the triumph of the Republican party, in which event a disruption of the Union, and a civil war will probably follow, as the South will not submit to a sectional President, and the North will not submit to a peaceable separation.

*January 1st, 1861.*—Another year with its pleasures, and its pains, has passed away. The year 1860 will be as memorable in history as the year 1776. The one witnessed the birth of the Union; the other, its death. We are no longer a united and happy people. The "star spangled banner" no longer waves "o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave." That proud banner, once the emblem of liberty, and manly independence, has been torn down by the hands of the intoxicated North. The people of the South cannot consent to live under a government in whose administration they virtually have no voice. They are, therefore, compelled to assert their independence, and withdraw from the Federal Union.

*May 4th, 1861.*—Left Memphis to-night at 9 o'clock, on the steamer H. R. W. Hill, in the company of "Hickory Rifles," under the command of Captain John D. Martin.\* Our company marched in the afternoon to the Second Presbyterian church, where we were presented with a beautiful flag by the ladies of Memphis. The presentation was made by Miss Sallie White, and was responded to by Sergeant Chas. Pucci,† in a very appropriate and handsome speech. The Rev. Dr. Grundy,‡ pastor of the church, presented the company with one hundred pocket Testaments, and sent us forth with patriotic words, together with an earnest prayer, and benediction. The officers of our company are John D. Martin, M. D., Captain; Tony Bartlett, First Lieutenant; John S. Donelson,|| Second Lieutenant; Carter B. Oliver, Third Lieutenant; and George Mellersh, Orderly Sergeant. I bring up the rear as Fourth Corporal.

*May 5th, 1861.*—Arrived at Randolph this morning at 11 o'clock. Raining all day. Was detained on board the boat as "Corporal of the guard," which was very fortunate for me, as the company, after march-

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\*Killed at Corinth, Mississippi, in command of a brigade.

†Killed in battle.

‡Died in Kentucky.

||Killed at Chickamauga.

ing up a very steep hill to their camping ground, about one mile from the river, returned to the boat, as the inclemency of the weather prevented the pitching of tents. Our gallant Captain marched his men up the hill and marched them down again.

*May 6th, 1861.*—This morning at 5 o'clock we were roused from our slumbers by the booming of cannon, fell into line, and answered to "roll call."

Our "mess" is composed of six good fellows, among whom is "Dan," the "baby of the regiment," or the "infant" as some are pleased to call him. He is about six feet and three inches in height, and weighs about three hundred pounds. He has the peculiar faculty of purchasing chicken and pigs without money, looking upon such locomotive property, when brought within his reach, as the gifts of providence. This morning he accidentally, as he says, let an axe slip from his hand, and struck a fat pig on the head. Fresh pork was on the bill of fare for dinner, and the neighbors wondered where the soldiers got so much pork. But the "mess" will pay for the pig, and "Dan" will learn, before we meet the Yankees, that one of the duties of a good soldier is to respect, and protect private property, even though it be in the form of a trespassing pig.

Ordered with a squad of twenty men, to pitch tents for the company.

*May 7th, 1861.*—Roused from sleep this morning at five o'clock by the tap of the drum. Sleeping in an open tent with one blanket is not comfortable.

*Wednesday, May 8th.*—Beautiful day. Squad drill at nine o'clock, company parade at four o'clock, and regimental drill at five o'clock is the order of the day. Our respected Captain, Jno. D. Martin was today elected Major of the regiment by a handsome majority. Our regiment is the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, and is under the command of Colonel Preston Smith, with \*Marcus J. Wright as Lieutenant Colonel.

*May 10th.*—A dark and gloomy day. No morning drill on account of the unfavorable weather. Spent the day in walking to Randolph, and cleaning my gun which was considerably damaged by the heavy rain last night.

*May 14th, 1861.*—This morning, Sergeant George Mellersh was unanimously elected Captain of the "Hickory Rifles."

*May 17th.*—To-day at two o'clock the alarm was sounded, and

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\*Promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General.

springing to our guns we were promptly on the ground ready for action ; but the alarm proved false, and we returned to our camp with " nobody hurt." Received a box of cakes from home, for which my thanks are due to my excellent mother.

*May 20th.*—This morning the Third Regiment of Tennessee volunteers arrived at Randolph. There are now about three thousand troops stationed here under the command of General Jno. L. T. Sneed.

*May 24th, 1861.*—To-night we sleep on our arms, ready to meet the foe at a moment's notice. Captain James Hamilton, of the " Southern Guards," dined with me to-day.

*May 25th.*—Beautiful day. Pleasant drill at noon. Summoned to go on " picket duty." A detachment of the " Memphis Light Dragoons," arrived this evening amid the cheers of the " Bluff City Grays," and the " Hickory Rifles."

*Sunday, May 26th.*—No sleep last night, as I was " Corporal of the Guard," and could not, with my sense of a soldier's duty, sleep between watch. Spent the night walking from post to post. Read a chapter from the gospel of Matthew this morning. Have been very negligent of my religious duties, owing to the publicity of camp life, but hope by the grace of God to be more careful in the future. A Christian should never be ashamed to be found upon his knees. This evening, the news of the death of Colonel Ellsworth, of the New York Zouaves, was received.

*May 27th.*—To-day as I was going to the river to meet the steamer Ingomar, from Memphis, the bugle sounded the alarm, and some one of a very fruitful imagination, reported five steamboats coming down the river. The camp was in a blaze of excitement, and the soldiers panted for the opportunity to display their valor, but to the great disappointment of our brave and chivalrous boys no foe appeared. It seems that General Sneed had given orders to the bugler to practice the alarm at four o'clock, and the bugler understanding the order to be, give the alarm, roused the camp, and caused the commotion among the braves.

*May 30th, 1861.*—Was ordered by General Sneed to detail four men, and proceed to Hatchie river, to guard some sons of the Emerald Isle, who were engaged in sinking a steamboat across the mouth of the river.

The steamer Ingomar arrived from Memphis, about nine o'clock with a number of passengers, among them, many of the most beautiful daughters of the " Bluff City." Off for Hatchie river with my guard in the morning.

**The Battle of Fredericksburg.****PAPER NO. 1.**

By General E. P. ALEXANDER.

**CROSSING THE RIVER AND OCCUPYING THE TOWN.**

On the 15th of November General Burnside put his columns in motion towards Fredericksburg, and on the same day General Lee ordered Lewis's Battery and a Mississippi regiment of infantry, which had been guarding railroad bridges near Richmond, to reinforce the Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Ball, which was in observation at that point. This force reached Fredericksburg on the 17th, a short while before the arrival at Falmouth of the head of the Federal column under Major-General Sumner, and a small artillery duel occurred between Lewis's Battery and a Federal rifle battery, under a Captain Pettit, the latter having decidedly the best of it, as Lewis carried but four very inferior guns. Much credit was claimed at the time for this small Confederate force for preventing the crossing of the Rappahannock by the Federals, but, however impudent its intentions may have been, this claim cannot be admitted, for Sumner had positive orders from Burnside not to cross; and these orders were reiterated that night, on Sumner's asking permission to go over and take Lewis's guns. Meanwhile, information being received from the calvary of the appearance of Federal gunboats and transports at Acquia Creek, and of large wagon trains moving from Catlett's Station towards Falmouth, on the 17th General Lee ordered General Longstreet to march rapidly to Fredericksburg with McLaws's and Ransom's Divisions of Infantry, accompanied by their battalion of artillery, W. H. F. Lee's Brigade of Calvary, and Lane's rifle battery from the Reserve Artillery. At the same time General Stuart was ordered to force a crossing of the Rappahannock at Warrenton Springs, and discover the enemy's movements. This being gallantly done, the calvary advanced as far as Warrenton, and found that Burnside's base had been changed to Acquia Creek, and his whole army was on the march towards Falmouth. On receipt of this information, on the 19th the remainder of Longstreet's corps and the Reserve Artillery was put in motion for Frederickburg, *via* Raccoon and Morton's Fords, and Jackson's Corps was ordered from the Valley to concentrate at Orange C. H.

On the 20th Burnside's entire army was concentrated opposite Fredericksburg, and on the same day McLaws's and Ransom's Divisions under



Longstreet, having just arrived, made hurried dispositions for battle on the hills overlooking the town from the west. On the 21st the Mayor of Fredericksburg was summoned by General Sumner to surrender the town by 5 P. M., or prepare to receive a bombardment at 9 A. M. on the next day. By direction of General Lee, who had now also arrived, a reply was returned that the occupation of the city by Federal forces would be resisted, but that the Confederates would refrain from using it for military purposes, although this promise was no concession, for the town had not been and could not be of any military use, further than to shelter a picket force, which, of course, it was not pretended would be removed, the Federal commander withdrew his threat and the town was never fired upon until the 11th of December, when the desperate resistance of Barksdale's Mississippians from the cover of the houses induced and justified a bombardment.

In view, however, of the imminence of a battle, General Lee advised the inhabitants of Fredericksburg to vacate the city, that their presence might not trammel his defence, and although the weather was most inclement, the thermometer being near zero, almost the whole population removed and found the best shelters they could, cheerfully giving their homes to be a battle-field. The neighboring country, houses and churches were filled, sometimes with dozens of families, to whom rations were issued by the Commissaries, and many women and children encamped in the forest in brush and blanket shelters, where the sight of their cheerfully borne sufferings nerved many a heart for the coming struggle.

On the 22nd of November, the whole of the First Corps was concentrated and in position as follows:

Anderson held the crest of hills from Banks's Ford to Hazel Run, with his brigades in the following order, from left to right, viz: Wilcox, Wright, Mahone, Perry and Featherston. McLaws stood upon his right with Cobb, Kershaw, Barksdale and Semmes. Pickett formed on McLaws's right with Jenkins, Corse, Kemper, Armistead and Garnett. Hood held the extreme right, and extended his line to Hamilton's crossing, over five miles distant from the left flank; his brigades being Laws's, F. T. Anderson's, Benning's, and the Texas brigade under Robertson. Ransom, with his own and Cooke's brigades, formed the reserve. The Engineer and Artillery officers were ordered to assign positions to the artillery, and to build pits for them, but their positions were ordered to be located, more with a view to reply to the enemy's batteries which were being built on the north bank of the river, than to be used in repelling assaults upon their own positions. The work of

fortification went on very slowly, on account of the great scarcity of tools, and the inclement weather, the ground being frozen for many days, and when the enemy crossed the river, on the 11th of December, there were ready for him on the whole line, only about forty detached pits, holding a gun each, but without shelter for ammunition or for infantry supports.

Each army closely picketed the river bank in its front, but there was no picket firing, and for the first time in the war, the individuals on each side were content to walk post quietly, but a hundred yards apart, and await orders to kill from their commanders. So for three weeks, daily, the opposing forces drilled and paraded in sight, and in range of each others, numerous guns, or gathered on the hill tops and watched the Federal balloons floating above the smoke of their numberless fires, and the slow growth of the red batteries, so soon to become volcanoes of carnage.

Meanwhile the Federal advance was delayed in several ways. On the arrival of the head of his column, under Sumner, General Burnside forbade the crossing, then easy to accomplish, by fording, until his communications should be established. By the time that this was done, the opposing force had been so augmented, that it was deemed advisable to wait for pontoon bridges, and when these arrived the balloonists reported such an increase of the Confederate force behind the opposite hills, that a flank movement was preferred to a direct advance, and arrangements were made to cross at Skenker's Neck, twelve miles below Falmouth. Before these arrangements were complete, General Lee's attention had been drawn in that direction by the appearance of some gunboats below Port Royal, and Jackson's corps had been brought from Orange Courthouse, and D. H. Hill's and Early's division of that corps thrown in that neighborhood, and the balloonists seeing this, reported that the plan was discovered, and it was thereupon abandoned. General Burnside had hoped to postpone active operations until Spring,\* but the temper of the Federal administration, and the northern people, would allow no such delay, so he decided to give up his flank movement, make a direct attack, and endeavor to surprise Lee before he could concentrate.

It will be seen from the topography of the situation, as shown in any map of the battle-field, that the crossing of the river could scarcely be seriously contested by the Confederates; the Stafford Heights on the north side approaching close to the river, and completely commanding

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\*Swinton, *Army of the Potomac*, p. 233.

the opposite plain, which afforded no shelter for troops, and was, moreover, enfiladed from above Falmouth, while the narrow and deep bed of the river effectually concealed the positions of the pontoon bridges from the Confederate artillery on the southern hills. The Confederates, therefore, were compelled simply to await the advance of the enemy after he had crossed, and to resist this, their position was generally good. It was, however, only in the approaching battle that both armies seemed to learn the full value of infantry epaulements, however slight, and none had been provided at the two weakest points of the line, viz: at Marye's Hill—a low and unflanked salient bluff, extending from the telegraph road to Stansbury's house—or at Hamilton's crossing, where the right flank rested in the air. Other parts of the line of battle were, more or less, defended with breast heights, according to the ideas of the different officers, and the more or less definite appreciation of where the stand would be made. The line held by General McLaws, was particularly well laid off and fortified; and though it was not attacked, its strength allowed two brigades to be drawn from it to meet the assault on Marye's Hill.

General Burnside's preparations being at last complete, on the night of the 10th of December he devoted himself to his task,

“ With a hundred thousand men  
For the Rebel slaughter pen,  
And the blessed Union Flag a flying o'er him.”

During the night one hundred and forty-seven guns, many of them twenty and thirty-pounder rifles, crowned the hills and filled the earthworks, while the banks were lined with troops, and the pontoon boats were deposited on the brink of the river. Five bridges were to be constructed. Three opposite to the town, for the passage of Sumner's and Hooker's grand divisions, and two for Franklin's grand division, at points about two miles below. Meanwhile General Lee was by no means taken by surprise. It was reported in the army that a good Virginia lady, whose house was in the Federal lines, came to the river on the 10th and called across to a cavalry picket that a very large issue of rations had just been made, and that the men had been ordered to cook them immediately, which was at once reported to General Lee. However this may be, about noon, on the 10th, orders were received to push to completion immediately all unfinished batteries, and at dark came further orders to be under arms at dawn. The town was occupied at the time, by the brigade of General Barksdale, of McLaws's division, who picketed the river from a point opposite Lacy's house as

far down as one-fourth of a mile below the mouth of Deep Run. From Lacy's house to Falmouth, the river was picketed by the 3d Georgia Regiment, under Colonel Walker, and the 8th Florida, under Captain Lang, the latter being on the right, and under the command of General Barksdale.

At 2 A. M. on the morning of the 11th, General Barksdale reported that the enemy was preparing to lay pontoon bridges opposite the town, and that he would open fire at dawn. His command was posted as follows:

In the upper part of the city, along the river street, and hidden behind walls and houses, were about a hundred men of the Eighth Florida Regiment under Captain Lang. Next came the Seventeenth Mississippi under Lieutenant-Colonel Fizer, with his right wing commanded by Captain Govan, and reinforced by three companies of the Eighteenth Mississippi (A. I. and K.), commanded by Lieutenant Radcliff, and three of the Eighth Florida (A. D. and F.) under Captain Boyd, the latter being posted below the town. The Thirteenth Mississippi also furnished ten selected marksmen to this skirmish line, which numbered about three hundred and seventy-five rifles, and was under the general control of Lieutenant-Colonel Fizer. This force was supported on the left by the Thirteenth Mississippi, under Colonel Carter, and on the right by the right wing of the Twenty-First Mississippi under Major Moody, each posted a short distance in rear. The left wing of the Twenty-First, under Colonel Humphries was held in reserve at the market house.

The Eighteenth Mississippi under Lieutenant-Colonel Luse was posted along the river from a half mile above to a quarter of a mile below the mouth of Deep Run.

The inhabitants remaining in the city were warned of what was coming, and most of them fled precipitately, although a few, even of the women, preferred to take the chances and remained throughout the conflict.

The morning dawned at last through a dense smoky mist which filled the valleys so that the limit of vision was less than a hundred yards. This peculiar fog, which strongly resembled the haze of an Indian summer, but was very dense, returned nightly during the struggle, and generally prevailed until nearly noon, and it was of material advantage to the Federals in veiling their movements and masses of troops from the Confederate artillery. As soon as the increasing light enabled the marksmen to see, and a little time had been afforded the fugitive inhabitants to get out of range, the Federal pontoniers, having ad-

vanced one bridge about thirty feet in the stream and commenced another, a murderous volley of musketry was poured into them by Colonel Fizer's command, and at the same instant the boom of two Confederate signal guns, announced to the two armies that they were again to test each other's mettle.

At the report of the signal guns the Confederate forces already under arms, moved into their positions in the order already detailed. Lane's Battery from the General Reserve, with six guns, one of them a twelve pound Whitworth rifle, occupied Taylor's Hill on the extreme left. Between that point and the plank-road were placed the batteries of Huger, Grandy, Lewis and Maurin, the latter being on Marye's Hill, just to the left of the plank-road, Parker's Battery of Alexander's Reserve Battalion was advanced to Stansbury's house. The rest of this battalion was held in reserve in rear of this house, except Rhett's Rifle Battery, which enfiladed the plank-road from a high hill overlooking Marye's from the rear, and Eubanks, which was temporarily with Pickett's Division.

Nine guns of the Washington Artillery under Colonel Walton, occupied the pits on Marye's Hill to the right of the plank-road, and a short distance in their rear Mosely's Battery of six guns was kept in reserve. On Lee's Hill, and to the right were posted twenty-one guns, for the most part rifles, under Colonel Cabell and Major Hamilton, while seventeen smooth-bores, under Major Nelson, of the General Reserve, were held in hand close in the rear.\*

Among the guns in position on Lee's Hill, were two thirty-pound Parrotts, under Lieutenant Anderson, which had just been sent from Richmond, and one Whitworth rifle, the rest being all light field guns. Along the front of Pickett's Division, were posted the guns of Garnett's Battalion, Reilly's Battery and a part of Ross's Battery of the General Reserve, extending to Deep Run. Backman's and Garden's Batteries were posted in General Hood's front, with Patterson's Battery and part of Ross's from the Reserve.

It must be stated in this connection that in no battle during the war was the Confederate artillery ammunition more defective than in that of Fredericksburg. There were three or four Whitworth Rifles which fired wonderfully far, and with great accuracy, but they were only

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\*The guns under Colonel Cabell was from Reid's, Macon's, Cooper's, Branch's, Coalter's, Ell's, Eubank's, Dearing's, and McCarthy's Batteries. Those under Major Nelson were from McCarthy's and Coalter's Batteries and from the General Reserve.

supplied with solid shot, and but scantily with these. The two thirty-pound Parrotts did beautiful practice until they were burst, one at the thirty-ninth round and the other at the fifty-fourth. The smooth-bores were all supplied with the badly made Bormann fuzes which cursed the Confederate artillery, from the beginning of the war until the end of 1863, for although their manufacture was discontinued shortly after this battle, the supplies on hand in the ordinance depots all had to be used up, and they were scarcely exhausted until after the battle of Gettysburg. They were, therefore, forbidden to fire over the heads of the infantry except with solid shot, and wherever they were tempted to disregard this order, the result was generally nearly as fatal to friend as foe. The position at Marye's Hill was fortunately an exception to this rule, as the features of the ground gave the infantry in front great protection; but, even here, an officer\* lost his arm, and several other casualties occurred from premature explosions of our own shell.

The rifle guns were even worse than the smooth-bores, for they carried no solid shot, and had no percussion shells or case shot, their only ammunition being time-fuze shell and canister. Their shell were not only liable to burst prematurely, often in the gun,† but when they did not do this they rarely burst at all, and very many of them would "tumble" and fall, and very far short of their targets. Had the Confederate artillerists possessed the guns and ammunition of their opponents, it would be difficult to over-estimate the damage they could have inflicted, for not only would the losses have been far greater in their assaulting and retreating columns, but the dense masses of infantry, and moving columns of all arms, and enormous parks of wagons constantly visible on the north bank, and moving to and from their bridges, must have suffered, it is no exaggeration to say, thousands of casualties. As it was, they were seldom fired at, and so rarely hit that it is doubtful if fifty men were hurt upon the north bank by artillery projectiles. Only within canister range could the Confederate artillerists take full advantage of their opportunities, and what these opportunities were, may be judged from the fact that in spite of these disadvantages, it was stated in Northern papers at the time, that one-fifth of all the losses were caused by artillery projectiles.

The volley poured by Colonel Fizer's command into the bridge builders, was the signal for a sharp fusilade, which immediately greeted

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\*Captain Fulkinson, of the Seventeenth Mississippi.

†It was supposed that this caused the explosion of the two thirty-pound Parrotts referred to above.



them along the whole line. The first blow was struck, and so well aimed was it that the engineer troops were soon driven from their work with decimated ranks, and the loss of the directing officer, Captain Cross, and all work upon the bridges suspended until the Confederate marksmen could be driven away. To accomplish this a number of guns were turned on their positions, and a strong force of infantry deployed to assist; but the Confederate marksmen, sheltering themselves from the storm of artillery missiles as best they could, replied so well to the infantry, that two regiments alone, opposite the city, suffered\* one hundred and fifty casualties in a very short while. Under cover of this fire several fresh efforts were made to complete the bridges, but the pontoniers were unable to bear the strain for more than a few minutes at a time, and the work hardly progressed. About 10 o'clock General Burnside, probably at a loss what else to do, ordered every available gun to be trained upon the city, and fifty rounds fired from each. Few more magnificent spectacles were presented in the war than the one which followed, as viewed from the Confederate heights. The city, except its steeples, was veiled in the mist which yet settled in the valley. Above it, and in it, but partly obscured, could be seen the bright flashes, and round white clouds, which showed the positions of hundreds of bursting shells, and out of its midst swelled and rose dense black columns of smoke from several houses fired by their explosions. The amphitheatre of hills on the Federal side was crowned with forty blazing batteries, canopied in smoke, and shaking the earth with the incessant peals, at the rate of over a hundred per minute, while the slopes were darkened with near a hundred thousand infantry, who, in straight lines, compact column, and regular masses, powerfully impressed the mind with a sense of the tremendous and disciplined energies of war.

The more distant hills shone with numerous parks of white covered wagons and ambulances, and a thousand feet above the scene hovered two huge balloons, bearing watchful observers of the Confederate lines. From these lines not a gun replied, but their silence was ominous to those who appreciated the useful as distinguished from the moral effort of artillery, and the Confederate cannoneers and guns looked silently on, reserving themselves until the masses of infantry should come within their range. Groups of officers, and the refugee inhabitants,

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\*These regiments were the 57th New York, under Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman, and the 68th New York, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bull, of Zook's brigade, Hancock's division.—Swinton's *Army of the Potomac*.

gathered on the hills to gaze, and many a word of praise was spoken of the indomitable Barksdale, who still held his position in the very focus of this *feu d'enfer*, and whose rifles were still heard piping up a tinny treble in defiance of the mighty roar, and again driving back the bridge builders, who, under cover of this fire, had attempted to renew their work. After more than an hour's continuance, and an expenditure of many thousand rounds of artillery ammunition, the bombardment was slackened in despair, and matters came to a stand-still, so far as the town was concerned. The Confederates had suffered severe loss,\* but they still held their positions, and had driven the bridge builders from their work in nine separate efforts made to complete it. Most important among the losses, was that of Captain Lang, commanding the 8th Florida, who fell about 11 A. M., severely wounded in the head, after having done gallant and efficient service with his regiment. No one seems to have assumed command after his fall, and its subsequent services were consequently almost lost.

Meanwhile, Colonel Lure, at the mouth of Deep Run, had delayed the pontoniers until nearly noon, when the lifting of the fog, exposing their positions accurately to the enemy's guns, and the ground affording no shelter whatever, they were driven into the ravine of Deep Run, and some adjacent hollow. Here they were reinforced by the 15th South Carolina, under Colonel DeSaussure, and the 16th Georgia, under Colonel Bryan, and remained until the enemy had completed his bridges, and commenced to cross his infantry, when by order of General Kershaw, Colonel DeSaussure withdrew the whole force to the Bowling Green road, except Captain Cassell's company, of the 18th Mississippi, which was hidden in the ravine of Deep Run, until the advance of the enemy's skirmishers, about sun-down, when it was also withdrawn, after a slight skirmish, to the road. These troops remained in this position, without fires, during the night, which was of such intense cold that one member of the 15th South Carolina was frozen to death, and several others were frost-bitten.

Opposite the city matters remained at a dead-lock until late in the afternoon, when, on the suggestion of General Hunt, Burnside's Chief of Artillery, it was decided to cross a force in the pontoon boats, to drive off the sharpshooters, who still kept the bridge builders from their work. The 7th Michigan regiment, and the 19th and 20th Massachusetts regiments volunteered for the duty. These regiments, sheltered

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\*One shell threw down a chimney on a portion of the 17th Mississippi, and killed six.

behind the piles of bridge material, first opened a vigorous fire upon Colonel Fizer's position, aided by a fresh opening of the batteries. Under cover of this fire, a number of boats were prepared, into which the men were then rushed, and the boats pulled rapidly for the southern bank. The Mississippi marksmen kept up their fire, and with effect, until the boats were under shelter of the banks, when, having already delayed the enemy even longer than the occasion required, Colonel Fizer ordered his small force to fall back to the market house, where it was again disposed to resist the enemy's advance. The troops who first crossed in the boats, remained under shelter of the bank, until reinforced by other boat loads, when they advanced a short distance in the city, and captured about a hundred sharpshooters, who did not know of the retreat of their comrades, or who were unwilling to run the gauntlet to escape. Among the prisoners were the three companies of the 8th Florida, under Captain Boyd, which were captured entire. Captain Boyd had protested in the morning that his position was too exposed, and although he occupied it during the day, he kept up but little fire from it. The bridges were now rapidly completed, and troops crossed over, and about sun-down, Howard's division advanced into the city, and encountered Colonels Carter and Humphries with parts of the 13th and 21st Mississippi regiments. A sharp skirmish ensued, and was continued for two hours after dark, when the enemy retired to the vicinity of his bridges. About 7 P. M., there being no longer any object in holding the town, General McLaws ordered the force in the town to be withdrawn to the telegraph road, under Marye's Hill, a position which he had selected for another obstinate stand. General Barksdale expressed his belief that he could hold the town, and begged permission to do so, but the order was reiterated, and on the morning of the 12th the Confederate force was formed at the foot of the line of hills over-looking the plain, upon which the Federal army was now debouching. The losses of only three of the five regiments in the town were reported separately for this day, and they were as follows: 8th Florida—seven killed, thirty-seven wounded, forty-four missing, total, eighty-eight; 21st Mississippi—seventeen killed, thirty-eight wounded, sixteen missing, total, seventy-one; 13th Mississippi—total, one hundred and sixteen.

On the 12th, the crossing of the Federal army was continued, and occupied nearly the whole day. Sumner's Grand Division crossed opposite the town and was sheltered on the two lower streets parallel to the river, which were on a slope toward the stream. The Ninth Corps on its left flank, extended to Deep Run, where it connected with Frank-

lin's Grand Division, which crossed at the lower bridges, and formed behind the bluffs between the Bowling Green road and the river. The Third Corps, belonging to Hooker's Grand Division also crossed at the latter place, his other Corps, the Fifth, being held in reserve on the left bank until the 13th. The fog completely hid the Federal movements until nearly noon, and no fighting occurred, except a liberal shelling of the Confederate batteries, from the opposite shore, and a little practice by the latter at infantry columns when exposed in easy range. A few beautiful shot were made into these, and some of Colonel Cabell's guns also drove off a Federal battery which had advanced on the north side of Deep Run, but the quality as well as the quantity of ammunition on hand restricted the practice. About 10 A. M., A. P. Hill's Division, of Jackson's Corps, relieved Hood's Division which was withdrawn across Deep Run, and relieved Pickett's Division, to be placed in reserve. During the afternoon a small body of the enemy's cavalry deployed along the railroad, probably covering a reconnoissance, and were attacked and driven back by three companies from Toomb's and Law's brigades.

About dark Pickett's Division was again placed in the line, relieving Hood, and the latter took position on the hills east of Deep Run, in support of A. P. Hill's left flank. The lines of battle of the two armies bivouaced during the night, with but a mile of open ground between them, and quietly awaited the conflict inevitable on the morrow.

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**Sketch of the Third Battery of Maryland Artillery.**

By Captain W. L. RITZER.

**PAPER No. 2.**

**FOR VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.**

With the 20th of December came an order for the brigade to proceed to Vicksburg, where it arrived on the 2nd of January, 1863. On the 23d, three guns of the battery were sent to Warrenton, a few miles down the river. Two days later one section, under Sergeant Langley, was sent down the river on secret service, on the steamer Archer. At this time Lieutenants Rowan and Patten, who had accompanied the wagon train overland, had not yet arrived with the horses belonging to the battery, and Captain Latrobe and Lieutenant Erwin were away on leave of absence.

The Archer went up the Red river to fort Da Russy, and on the 27th the battery fired fifteen rounds into the De Soto, which had been captured by the enemy but a few days before, while stopping to take in wood.

Three days after, a twelve-pounder howitzer, with a gun detachment under Sergeant Toomey, was sent up the Mississippi to General Farguson's command on Deer Creek. Thus the battery was divided into three parts, scattered up and down the river. Meanwhile Lieutenants Rowan and Patten having rejoined the battery with the horses, it was now again ready for the field. The guns at Warrenton were at this time placed under the command of Lieutenant Patten.

Early on the morning of the 2nd of February, the ram, Queen of the West, passed the batteries at Vicksburg, and proceeded down the river. As she passed Warrenton, Patten opened on her without effect; but as she returned on the 4th, Sergeant Ritter hailed her with about sixty rounds of shot and shell, eliciting the compliment from her commander, that "those guns at Warrenton annoyed him more, on his return, than the siege pieces at Vicksburg." A few days later, the Queen of the West again passed down, during the night, and went up Red river to Fort De Russy, where she was captured by the Confederates.

Sergeant Langley's section was now transferred from the Archer to the Queen of the West; and immediately after, the latter, with the Grand Era and the Webb, proceeded up the Mississippi to the Grand Gulf, where, on the 24th, they captured the iron-clad Indianola. This vessel was a formidable craft, armed with eleven-inch guns, and had just run the blockade at Vicksburg.

Captain James McCloskey, of General Richard Taylor's staff, commanded the Queen. The entire Confederate fleet was commanded by Major J. L. Brent. A correspondent speaking of this affair says:

"In closing we cannot refrain from mentioning specially the command of Sergeant E. H. Langley, of the 3rd Maryland Artillery. He had detachments for two guns, (thirteen men,) on the Queen, and was in command of the two Parrott guns. He himself took charge of the eighty-six pounder bow-gun, with which he remained during the action, neither he nor his men leaving their much exposed position. While the bow of the Queen was yet resting against the side of the Indianola, his guns were still manned and fired. Aside from the courage thus shown, his skill and judgment in manœuvring his piece in so contracted a space, is certainly deserving of the highest praise."

The officers and crew of the Indianola were made prisoners, and the

vessel formed a valuable addition to the small Confederate fleet on the Mississippi. Her subsequent career, however, was a brief one, as she was fired and abandoned by a Lieutenant of infantry, who, with a small detachment, had been placed in charge. The enemy above Vicksburg had set adrift an imitation ironclad, made of a coal barge, with pine logs for guns. As it floated down near the Indianola, the Lieutenant in charge became alarmed at the approach of so formidable a craft, and decamped after setting fire to his vessel.

Admiral Porter was much chagrined at the loss of this fine ironclad, of which so much had been expected, and thus announced his loss:

UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,  
February 27th, 1863.

*To Secretary Gideon Wells:*

Sir—I regret to inform you that the Indianola has also fallen into the hands of the enemy. The rams Webb and Queen of the West, attacked her, twenty-five miles from here, and rammed her until she surrendered, etc.

DAVID D. PORTER.

Lieutenant Patten, on March the 1st, was ordered to Red river, to take command of the section of the 3d Maryland aboard the Queen of the West. He found her at Shreveport, Louisiana. In the April following, the Queen, with the Lizzie Simmons as a supply boat, made an attack on the Federal fleet in Grand Lake, Louisiana, and during the engagement was set on fire by a shell from the enemy. The crew jumped over-board, and attempted to swim ashore. Many were drowned, as the distance they had to swim was about four miles. The fire soon reached the magazine of the Queen, when her eventful career was ended by an explosion, blowing her into fragments.

Many of the crew were killed in the action, some were drowned, as related above, and others were picked up by the enemy; among these was Captain Fuller, the commander of the Queen. Only four of the Third Maryland made their escape. I subjoin a list of its losses, in this disastrous affair of April 14th, on Grand Lake.

Killed in the action, or drowned in endeavoring to escape from the burning Queen: Lieutenant William T. Patten, Sergeant Edward H. Langley, Corporals Joseph Edgar and Michael H. O'Connell, Privates Thomas Bowler, S. Chafin, Edward Kenn and H. L. McKisick.

Lieutenant Patten was drowned. He was from Port Deposit, Cecil county, Maryland. In March, 1858, he went into business at Cleveland, Tennessee, and in 1860 removed to Alabama, where he remained



till the beginning of the war. He then joined the Third Alabama, which was ordered to Virginia in May, 1861. In September of that year he was transferred to the Third Maryland. His death was deeply regretted by his comrades, as that of a good soldier, a gentleman, and best of all, a Christian.

Sergeant Langley was a brave soldier, and had rendered most efficient service in capturing the vessel on which he met his death.

Captain Latrobe left the service on the 1st of March, 1863, and Lieutenant Claiborne succeeded to the Captaincy. On the 17th of March, Orderly Sergeant William L. Ritter was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Holmes Erwin, Junior Second Lieutenant. On March 21st, Lieutenant Ritter was promoted to Senior Second Lieutenant, and Patten to Junior First; at the same time Sergeant Thomas D. Giles was elected Junior Second Lieutenant, to fill the vacancy caused by Lieutenant Ritter's promotion.

The battery remained encamped at Jett's plantation until General Grant crossed his army at Grand Gulf; when it accompanied Pemberton's army to meet him at Baker's Creek, and was engaged in the battle fought there. On the 18th of May it returned with the army to Vicksburg. There were no casualties in the battle of Baker's Creek, except the capture of private Henry Stewart, who afterwards died at Fort Delaware.

During the siege of Vicksburg several of the men were wounded, and two were killed, Captain Claiborne and private John S. Cosson.

Captain Claiborne was struck by a piece of shell, on the 22nd of June, and fell without uttering a word. He was a fine officer, and a braver one never drew blade in any cause. In him the South lost a generous, gallant and magnanimous man. He was a native of Mississippi, a grandson of General F. L. Claiborne, of Natchez, well known among the early settlers of Alabama, and a cousin of Ferdinand C. Latrobe, ex-Mayor of Baltimore. During his early youth his father removed to New Orleans, where the son was educated. At the outbreak of the war he joined Captain Gladdin's company of Crescent City Rifles, and served for a time at Pensacola, and afterward in Virginia. In September, 1861, he was transferred to the Third Maryland. His wound was through the heart and he died instantly.

Lieutenant Rowan was promoted to the Captaincy, on the 30th of June, and Lieutenant Ritter was made First Lieutenant, Lieutenant Giles Senior Second Lieutenant, and Sergeant J. W. Doncaster, Junior Second Lieutenant.

When, on the 4th of July, Vicksburg surrendered, three officers and

seventy men of the Third Maryland Artillery fell into the enemy's hands. Five of their guns, one hundred and thirty horses and mules, and all the appliances of a six-gun battery were also given up.

#### THE DETACHED COMMAND.

Only one gun, under command of Lieutenant Ritter remained. To trace its history, it will be necessary to return to a point three months previous to the fall of Vicksburg, when, on the 2nd of April, Lieutenant Ritter was ordered to the command of Toomey's detachment of the Third Maryland, and Johnston's detachment of Corput's Georgia battery, previously commanded by Lieutenant T. Jeff. Bates, of Waddell's Alabama Artillery. This section, with one of a Louisiana battery under Lieutenant Cottonham, and one of Bledsoe's Missouri battery, were all under the command of Lieutenant R. L. Wood, of the Missouri Artillery, and were part of a force under Brigadier-General Ferguson, which had for several months been operating along the Mississippi. Their employment was to harass the enemy, by firing into their vessels of war and transports. When in March, 1863, Porter's fleet of five gunboats entered Black Bayou in order to flank the Confederate batteries at Snyder's Bluff, General Ferguson met him at Rolling Fork; and after an engagement lasting three days, drove him back, inflicting considerable loss.

The greatest execution in this battle, strange to say, was done not by the Confederate artillery, whose shot rolled harmlessly upon the backs of the ironclads, but by the sharpshooters. These were mainly Texans, who acted with characteristic daring. They approached the very bank of the stream, and fired into the port-holes of the vessels, as soon as these were opened by the Federals for a shot at the Confederate artillery. The enemy labored under the additional disadvantage of being unable to depress their pieces sufficiently to reach their antagonists, so that their shell damaged only the tree tops. Harassed and annoyed past endurance, they at length withdrew.

During April, nothing of special note occurred. Steel's command of Federals employed itself in its usual manner, in burning dwellings, barns and gin-houses along Deer Creek.

On the 29th of April, Lieutenant Ritter, with his section of artillery, was ordered to join the force under Major Bridges, at Fish Lake, near Greenville, Mississippi. He arrived there on the 1st of May, and the next day proceeded to the river to fire upon the boats which were continually passing. The object of the Confederates was to prevent, as

much as possible, reinforcements from reaching General Grant at Vicksburg.

Soon after the arrival of Ritter's section, a transport appeared in view, ascending the river. Lieutenant Ritter opened fire on her, some of the shells exploding upon her deck, and others passing through her. She got by, but cast anchor a few miles up the river to repair damages. A swamp prevented further attack on her at her anchorage.

The firing had scarcely ceased, when a gun-boat came in sight. The section took position behind the levee, where it would be sheltered somewhat during the engagement which was now anticipated. Lieutenant Ritter had taken the precaution to cut abrasures in the levee, so that he might thus protect his guns in an emergency.

Approaching within range, the gun-boat proceeded at once to open fire on the Confederates. The latter replied with shot and shell, and the engagement lasted about half an hour, when the enemy steamed away. It was afterwards ascertained that the vessel was iron-plated only about the port-holes, for the protection of her gunners, and that some of the shells had passed through her.

About the 1st of May, Lieutenant Cottonham's section was ordered to Vicksburg.

On the morning of the 4th, one of Major Bridges scouts brought the news that a transport, heavily laden with stores, was coming down the river. Lieutenant Ritter masked his guns at a point where the current ran in near the bank, and awaited the vessel's approach. Soon the black smoke of a steamer was seen rising above the tree tops, beyond Carter's Bend, a few miles off, and shortly afterwards she was in sight. On the vessel came, anticipating no danger. The cannoneers were ordered to their posts, the guns were loaded, and as the boat came within range, the order "fire" was given.

The stillness of the calm summer morning must have seemed to the crew rudely broken, when in quick succession the shrill report of the rifle-piece and the loud roar of the twelve-pounder howitzer broke upon their ears. The first or second shot cut the tiller-rope, and another broke a piston-rod of one of the engines. The crew, despairing of escape, hoisted a white flag of surrender, and brought the boat ashore.

Major Bridges and Lieutenant Ritter were the first to board the prize, which was found to be the Minnesota. The crew met them at the head of the saloon steps, and politely requested their captors, in true Western style, to "take a drink," which was as politely declined.

The prisoners, seventeen in number, were sent ashore, and the Con-

federates took possession. The boat was found heavily laden with Sutler's stores—flour, bacon, potatoes, pickles of all sorts, sugar, coffee, rice, ginger, syrup, cheese, butter, oranges, lemons, preserves, canned oysters, whiskey, wines, musquito nets, clothing, stationery, tobacco, etc., etc. To needy Confederates, nothing could have been more acceptable. They sat down to a luxurious dinner, which was in preparation at the time of the attack, and relished it, perhaps, more than those for whom it had been intended. Part of the festivities consisted in breaking a bottle of wine over Black Bess—Lieutenant Ritter's iron twelve-pounder—to a shot from which Major Bridges attributed the speedy surrender of the Minnesota. She had long been familiarly known to the battery by this name, but only now received her formal christening. After everything which would be of service had been brought ashore, the steamer was fired. Her value was estimated at \$250,000.

About 5 P. M., that day, the enemy's gun-boats appeared, and, without notice to the women and children upon them, began to shell the neighboring plantations.

On the 6th, the section was ordered to return to Rolling Fork, and upon its arrival, Lieutenant Ritter was complimented by General Ferguson and Lieutenant Wood, on his management of his guns. On the 14th, both sections of artillery, and Major Bridge's battalion of cavalry, were ordered to Greenville, and on the 16th proceeded to their old camp at Fish Lake.

The morning of May 18th, 1863, dawned with splendid promise. The sun rose bright and clear, chasing away the mist and fog that hid the face of the Father of Waters, and stirring to activity the contending hosts that were set in battle array along his whole course. The Confederates encamped at Fish Lake were still jubilant over their recent success with the Minnesota, and the captured stores enabled them to indulge in luxuries to which they had long been strangers. Grouped about their fires, they drank their morning coffee with all the relish due the genuine berry. Chatting over the details of their recent exploit, some sitting, and some reclining on their elbows under their bivouac shelters, they sipped the aromatic beverage with great enjoyment. If their inner-man was well-to-do, their outer-man had no less reason to rejoice in his surroundings. Their camp was snugly inclosed on all sides by a deep and primitive forest of cottonwood, magnolia and live oak. The magnolias were in full bloom, and while one variety filled the air with its delightful odor, another attracted the eye by the size of its flowers. The flora of the Mississippi Valley, as is well known, is far

more rich and splendid in tint than that of the Atlantic slope; and what with the abundance of flowering trees, interspersed with others whose foliage exhibits every variety of color and form—the profusion of bright green mosses and twining vines—the dense undergrowth of berries and vigorous shrubbery, the whole produces upon the mind a strong impression of the magnificent prodigality of nature. Add to it the enchanting effect of the sunlight of a bright May morning, and the scene becomes one of indistinguishable beauty.

The Marylanders of Major Bridge's command were surrendering themselves to the charm of this romantic situation, when an order was received which made them oblivious of it all. The news had come in through the scouts that lined the river for many miles above, that a number of transports laden with reinforcements for General Grant's army at Vicksburg were coming down, and would reach Carter's Bend that morning. Immediately all was life and bustling activity, and the soldier's peculiar feeling of quiet delight at the approach of danger, took the place of the more amiable sentimentality of a few moments ago.

Major Bridges' force consisted of one section of artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Anderson, and another by Lieutenant Ritter, each with about twenty-five men, and a small squadron of Texas Rangers; the whole command numbering about two hundred and fifty men. Getting his men speedily in motion, he proceeded rapidly up the Greenville road, eight miles, to a point above Carter's Bend. The Mississippi here makes a detour of fifteen miles, and then returning upon itself, forms a peninsula, the neck of which is but a mile across. It was thought best to take this position above, rather than the one below the bend, as in case of success there would be an opportunity to fire a second time below at the vessels that had been disabled in the first attack.

The four pieces of artillery were placed on the river bank, unprotected, but masked by the thick brush that grew along the water's edge. The dismounted calvary acting as sharpshooters, and supporting the Maryland section, were disposed to the right and left along the river. The levee was about a hundred and fifty yards in the rear, and beyond that were the open fields of Carter's plantation. Thus disposed, the Confederates awaited the enemy's approach, beguiling the time by picking the luscious blackberries found here in great profusion.

They had not long to wait, as the Federal vessels soon appeared. The Crescent City, a side-wheeler, which had formerly plied between New Orleans and Memphis, led the van. She was now employed as a transport, and was laden down with troops. They covered the entire

hurricane-deck, and the water-deck below. Packed and crowded in a way that only pleasure seekers can enjoy, the steamer presented the appearance of a vessel chartered for a holiday excursion. Behind the Crescent City, at a distance of about half a mile, was a gunboat, and following that at regular intervals, four more transports. The number of troops aboard the five vessels was estimated at about four thousand infantry and calvary.

The decks of the first transport presented a scene of mirth and jolity. As the vessel drew near the Confederate battery, the latter suddenly opened a raking fire of shell and canister, which put an end to the idle dream of peace and safety. Men careless a moment before, now jumped and rushed, with yells of pain and fright, to the opposite side of the boat, thus careening it fearfully and exposing its hull to the artillerists on shore. The latter proceeded at once to fire shell into it, till the Federal officers, with a deal of swearing and yelling, got the men back and righted the boat again. Meanwhile the sharpshooters were not idle, and being good marksmen, picked off a great number. The Third Maryland fired sixteen rounds before the Crescent City got out of reach. The infantry aboard returned the fire, and wounded three Confederates. It was ascertained afterwards from a citizen who was in the vessel during the engagement, that she lost two hundred and sixty, killed and wounded. As soon as the gunboat came within easy canister range, the artillery was ordered to withdraw behind the levee in the rear.

While this was going on below, the transports above came to the shore, threw out their stages, and speedily landed a force of calvary and infantry, to capture the pestilent Confederates. The latter withdrew their artillery at once across the open fields in the direction of Greenville, while Major Bridges with the sharpshooters, remained at the levee to cover their retreat. To cover his own, he ordered Lieutenant Ritter to halt his section of artillery at a bridge across a bayou half a mile in the rear, and await further orders. He himself withdrew by another road over a bridge half a mile further up the bayou, while the enemy, in line of battle, advanced along both roads. As there was no force to hold the upper bridge, the way was open to Lieutenant Ritter's rear; and yet no "further orders" came. The Federal force had actually crossed the upper bridge, and were nearing their line of retreat, when the Third Maryland limbered up and passed down the road at a gallop. At the same moment, seeing their peril, Major Bridges ordered a countercharge of his calvary, on the other road, and thus held the enemy in check until the section was beyond the danger of capture.



Passing through a strip of woods into an adjacent plantation, the Confederates drew up in line to await the enemy. As they did not appear, the retreat was continued by the artillery.

The latter had not proceeded far, however, before a hurried order was received: "Form battery and load with canister, as the enemy will soon be upon us." Major Bridges still lingered in the very presence of their advance, being so close as to be summoned by them to surrender, but emptying his revolver into their faces by way of reply. He then came dashing back to the artillery, which let him pass with his Texans, and then opened on the Federals with eight rounds, sweeping the road clear for a distance of more than three hundred yards. The effect on them was decisive: they were thrown into the greatest confusion, many saddles were emptied, and their advance checked. A magnificent horse that had lost his rider came dashing through the smoke of the guns into the Confederate lines, and was captured.

There was another road leading to the only bridge over Black Bayou, in the Confederate rear, and fearing lest the enemy should anticipate them in reaching it, the artillery limbered up again, and set off at a gallop, not stopping till they had made the six miles intervening, and crossed that stream. White balls of foam from perspiration had formed on the backs of the artillery horses, from the severe exertion they had undergone. The cavalry picketed both roads, and skirmished for a couple of hours with the enemy's advance. The latter at length retired to Greenville, burning the town and the neighboring residences, in revenge for their losses in the fight. The Confederates followed, and returned at night-fall to their camp at Fish Lake.

Next day Major Bridges learned that the enemy held Haynes's Landing and Snyder's Bluff, and were likely to attempt his capture by sending troops up the Yazoo river in his rear.

The same evening, orders were received from General Ferguson to leave the Mississippi; to take the command across to Yazoo river; and, if it was not possible to save the guns, to run them into the river.

The situation demanded deliberation, and Major Bridges called a council of his officers.

The Missourians and Texans were for crossing the Mississippi; but Major Bridges declared this to be impracticable. Some favored the route by Bolivar and Grenada. Finally it was determined to cross the country by the most direct route to Fort Pemberton, at the intersection of the Yallahusha and Tallahatchie rivers.

**Movement Against Allatoona—Letter from General S. G. French.**

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, May 30, 1881.

*Major D. W. Sanders, Louisville, Kentucky :*

Dear Major—Yours of the 24th instant is just at hand. I have carefully examined your article on General Hood's campaign in Tennessee, that you read before the Southern Historical Society of Kentucky. I appreciate the motive that induced you to write the article to vindicate the army that he commanded against some unjust accusations he made to shield his own errors. In this you have well succeeded. You have also vindicated General Cheatham; and yet, I never thought he needed it, for General Hood being present at the front, in person, from 2 P. M., till sun-rise the next morning, of itself vindicated the command for not doing that which it came so cheerfully to do. Hood told me that he "pointed out to Cheatham the enemy's wagons passing along the turnpike in his front, and said to him, 'Turn those wagons into our camp!'" and yet the silence of the day, and the quietness of the camp all night long, told him but too well it was not being done. You may remember, that when he said to me the next morning: "General French, we have let the greatest opportunity of the war slip through our hands," I replied to him rather figuratively, "Yes, I understand, the Yankees were passing along all night, lighting their pipes at our camp fires."

In General Hood's book, (and which will be referred to by future historians,) in regard to myself, he has departed so unnecessarily from the truth to vindicate himself, when no vindication was necessary, that I will refer to his statements.

Let us see how he did this. And now just here you will pardon me while I point out to you—as a warning to historians—wherein you have perpetuated his errors in your article. You repeat, in reference to Allatoona, "Hood ordered French's division to move up the railroad to Allatoona mountain, and destroy the railroad at that point, capture the garrison, supposed to consist of three and one-half regiments, and destroy the depot of army stores accumulated there; and also, if possible, burn the bridge across the Etowah river."

Now, Hood says on page 257, in "Advance and Retreat," "I had received information—and General Shoup records the same in his diary—that the enemy had in store at Allatoona, large supplies, which were guarded by two or three regiments. As one of the main objects of the campaign was to deprive the enemy of provisions, Major-Gen-

eral French was ordered to move his division, capture the garrison, if practicable, and gain possession of the supplies."

By his own words I will make him condemn what I have quoted from page 257. Here are his orders to me; he was miles away to the west of me:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, 7:30 A. M., October 4th, 1864. *General*—General Hood directs that later in the evening, you move Stevenson back to Davis's cross-roads, and that you bring two of your divisions back to Adams's, and between Adams's and Davis's cross-roads, placing them in such way as to cover the position at Adams's, now occupied by Stevenson; and that your Third division, (say French's,) shall move up the railroad and fill up the deep cut at Allatoona with logs, brush, rails, dirt, &c. To-morrow morning, at daylight, he desires Stevenson to be moved to Lieutenant-General Lee's actual left, and that two of your divisions, at that time at Adams's, to draw back with your left in the neighborhood of Davis's cross-roads, and your right in the neighborhood of Lost Mountain, and the division that will have gone to Allatoona, to march thence to New Hope church, and on the position occupied by your other troops—that is, that the division shall rejoin your command by making this march out from the railroad, and *via* New Hope.

General Hood thinks that it is probable that the guard at the railroad bridge, on the Etowah, is small, and when General French goes to Allatoona, if he can get such information as would justify him, if possible, move to that bridge and destroy it.

General Hood considers that its destruction would be a great advantage to the army and country. Should he be able to destroy the bridge, in coming out he could move as has been before indicated, *via* New Hope.

Yours respectfully,

A. P. MASON, A. A. G.

Official: W. D. GALE, A. A. G.

Major GENERAL FRENCH,

*Commanding Division.*

Not satisfied with the details of the foregoing order, General Hood sent another, more minute in details about the bridge. I will reproduce it:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE, OFFICE OF CHIEF OF STAFF, Oct. 4, 11:30 A. M., 1864.—*General*: General Hood directs me to say that it is of the greatest importance to destroy the Etowah railroad bridge, if such a thing is possible. From the best information we have

now, he thinks the enemy cannot disturb us before to-morrow, and by that time your main body will be near the remainder of the army. He suggests that, if it is considered practicable to destroy the bridge when the division goes there and the artillery is placed in position, the commanding officers call for volunteers to go to the bridge with lightwood and other combustible material that can be obtained, and set fire to it.

Yours respectfully,

A. P. MASON, *Major and A. A. G.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL STEWART, Commanding.

These two orders were the only instructions given by General Hood. Analyze and construe them as you will and you cannot find one word to sustain the assertion of General Hood, that he ordered me to move to Allatoona, "capture the garrison if practicable and gain possession of the supplies."

If General Hood knew that the Allatoona Pass was fortified and garrisoned and then sent troops there to fill up the cut with logs, brush, rails, etc., and did not inform the commander that it was so fortified and garrisoned, then he committed an almost criminal act. If he did not know it he should not be blamed for it, and I never have heard an individual complain of his not knowing it. Wherefore, then, did he attempt to pass it down to history that he gave certain orders, when, in truth, he did no such thing?

In my official report made to him one month after the battle, I said: "The General-in-Chief was not aware from these orders, that the pass was fortified and garrisoned that I was sent to have filled up." I did not intend this as a reflection on him, because it would be unreasonable to expect a commander to know what disposition or all the dispositions an antagonist had made of his commands and stores many miles to the rear, and I am sorry General Hood undertook to make a record of his information, when that information possessed and not imparted to me was an act for which he would be condemned.

I, therefore, repeat that General Hood gave me no instructions about Allatoona except to fill up the cut, while he was profuse in details about the garrison at the bridge. And this is all very simple. He could infer, and it was natural to suppose, that the bridge over the Etowah was guarded, while he would not even conjecture that Allatoona was fortified. Further, if he knew of the garrison and vast stores, and wished them captured, why did he leave the command sent there isolated and unprotected?

The facts in the case are these: Hood, with the main army, moved

westerly toward Lost Mountain and New Hope church, while Stewart's corps struck the railroad near Big Shanty. Loring went to Ackunth, Walthall to Moon Station, and my command to Big Shanty to destroy the railroad. We continued at this labor all the evening of the 3d, all night, and the next day till noon. Now, while engaged at this work, commanding officers learned from citizens that Allatoona was fortified and garrisoned by about three and a half regiments, and that it was a great depot of provisions.

When General Stewart received the order that required me to move on Allatoona to fill up the cut, he handed it to me and said: "General Hood does not seem to be aware that the place is fortified, and now, French, here is a fine opportunity for you;" and after talking the matter over he increased my artillery to twelve guns and sent Major Myrick to command them. And thus it was we knew that a garrison was there, and filling up that cut through the mountain became a very minor matter. But I am not disposed to fight the battle of Allatoona over again here, as a report of it was published in the annals of the Army of Tennessee.

But before I close, I will briefly allude to another error regarding myself, in Hood's Advance and Retreat. On page 326 it is written:

"Just at this critical juncture, General French received information which he considered correct, but which subsequently *proved false*, that a large body of the enemy were moving to cut him off from the remainder of the army, and he immediately withdrew his command from the place without having accomplished the desired object."

On page 147, volume II. General W. T. Sherman says in his Memoirs:

"I reached Kennesaw mountain about 8 A. M. of October 5: \* \* that I could plainly see the smoke of battle about Allatoona and hear the faint reverberation of the cannon.

"From Kennesaw I ordered the Twenty-Third Corps (General Cox) to march due west on the Burnt Hickory road, and to burn houses and piles of brush as it progressed to indicate the head of the column, hoping to interpose this corps between Hood's main army at Dallas and the detachment *then assailing Allatoona*. The rest of the army was directed straight for Allatoona, northwest, distant eighteen miles. \* \* \* I watched with painful suspense the indications of the battle raging there, and was dreadfully impatient at the slow progress of the relieving column, whose advance was marked by the smokes which were made according to orders; but about 2 P. M. I noticed with satisfaction that the smoke of battle about Allatoona grew less and less, and ceased

altogether about 4 P. M. For a time I attributed this result to the effect of General Cox's march, but later in the afternoon the signal-flag announced the welcome tidings that the attack had been fairly repulsed."

Now, at 12:10 P. M. I received from General Armstrong, Calvary Commander, a dispatch dated 9 A. M. informing me that the enemy had sent a column of infantry up the railroad, and I have that note before me. This infantry was General Cox's corps, moving, as he says, to intercept or interpose between the detachment then assailing Allatoona and Hood's main army. Wherein, then, was the information sent me by General Armstrong false?

In the History of the Army of the Cumberland, volume II, page 161, Van Horne says:

"The gallant resistance of the garrison and the movement of General Cox to his left induced General French to withdraw entirely during the afternoon, having lost one thousand men."

I have now established that the information I received was true, and I repeat, it was this movement and nothing else that induced me to withdraw, after due deliberation, to save my command—left untirely unsupported by the army of General Hood.

One word more, and I will close. Did you ever know truth to overtake error? You carried my summons to surrender under a flag of truce. You returned to me without an answer, as you have stated in your article, and I never did receive any; yet history will record a reply that never was sent, because it reads very pretty.

Very respectfully yours,

S. G. FRENCH.

Although well known, I will here add that General Corse arrived at Allatoona with his brigade and assumed command before the action commenced, thus making the garrison equal to the attacking force. At 12 M. General Corse received a signal dispatch from General Sherman saying, "Hold on to Allatoona to the last. I will help you." Which dispatch give rise to the beautiful hymn, "Hold the Fort, for I am Coming."  
F.

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**Terms of Surrender at Vicksburg—General Pemberton Replies to General Badeau.**

[The following letter has recently appeared in some of the newspapers, but is worthy of a more permanent record. It is feared



that General Badeau, in his *Life of Grant*, took no pains to be accurate.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 12, 1875.

*Colonel John P. Nicholson :*

Dear Sir—I give you, with pleasure, my version of the interview between General Grant and myself, on the afternoon of July 3, 1863, in front of the Confederate lines at Vicksburg. If you will refer to the first volume of Badeau's *Life of U. S. Grant*, you will find a marked discrepancy between that author's account of it and mine. I do not fear, however, to trust to the honest memory of any officer then present, to confirm the statement I shall make.

Passing over all preceding events, I come at once to the circumstance that brought about the personal interview referred to.

Feeling assured that it was useless to hope longer for any assistance from General Johnson, either to raise the siege of Vicksburg, or to rescue the garrison, I summoned division and brigade commanders, with one or two others, to meet in my quarters on the night of the 2d of July. All the correspondence that had taken place during the siege between General Johnson and myself was laid before these officers. After much consideration, it was advised that I address a note to General Grant, proposing the appointment of commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation.

The following, having been read to the council, and approved, was sent to General Grant, under a flag of truce, by the hands of Major-General J. S. Bowen, on the morning of the 3d :

VICKSBURG, July 3, 1863.

*Major-General Grant, Commanding*

*United States Forces near Vicksburg, Mississippi :*

General—I have the honor to propose to you an armistice of — hours, with a view to arrange terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg.

To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners to meet a like number, to be named by yourself, at such place and hour to-day as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period.

This communication will be handed you, under a flag of truce, by Major-General John S. Bowen. I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

JOHN C. PEMBERTON,

*Lieutenant-General Commanding.*

In due time the following reply was handed to me :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,  
Near Vicksburg, July 8, 1863.

*Lieutenant-General John C. Pemberton,*

*Commanding Confederate Forces, etc. :*

General—Your note of this date is just received, proposing an armistice for several hours, for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation, through commissioners, to be appointed, etc.

The useless effusion of blood, you propose stopping by this course, can be ended at any time you may choose, by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage, as shown now in Vicksburg, will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above. I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

U. S. GRANT, *Major General.*

I, at once, expressed to General Bowen my determination not to surrender unconditionally. He then stated that General Grant would like to have an interview with me, if I was so disposed, and would meet me at a designated point between the two lines, at 3 P. M., that day. I was not aware that the suggestion had originated with General Bowen, but acceded to the proposed meeting, at the joint request of my four division commanders.

On reaching the place appointed, accompanied by Major-General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, then temporarily serving on my personal staff, I found General Grant, and a number of his Generals, and other officers, already arrived and dismounted. To the General himself—with whom my acquaintance dated as far back as the Mexican war—as well as to several of the group who surrounded him, I was formally introduced by General Bowen.

After a few remarks and inquiries on either side, a pause ensued which was prolonged on my part in expectation that General Grant would introduce the subject, the discussion of which I supposed to be the object of our meeting. Finding that he did not do so I said to him that I understood he had expressed a wish to have a personal interview with me. He replied that he had not. I was much surprised, and turning to General Bowen, remarked: "Then there is a misunderstanding. I certainly understood differently." The matter,

however, was satisfactorily explained to me in a few words, the mistake, no doubt, having been entirely my own. Again addressing General Grant, I said: "In your letter this morning you state that you have no other terms than an unconditional surrender." He answered promptly, "I have no other." To this I rejoined: "Then, sir, it is unnecessary that you and I should hold any further conversation; we will go to fighting again at once;" and I added, "I can assure you, sir, you will bury many more of your men before you will enter Vicksburg." General Grant did not, as Badeau represents, reply, "Very well," nor did he "turn off." He did not change his position, nor did he utter a word. The movement to withdraw, so far as any movement was made, was on my part and was accompanied by the remark that if he (General Grant) supposed I was suffering for provisions he was mistaken, that I had enough to last me for an indefinite period and that Port Hudson was better supplied than Vicksburg. General Bowen made no suggestion whatever in regard to a consultation between any parties during this interview, as he is represented to have done by Badeau. But General Grant *did* at this time propose that he and I should step aside, and on my assenting, he added that if I had no objection he would take with him Generals McPherson and A. J. Smith. I replied, certainly, and that General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery would accompany me. General Grant then suggested that these gentlemen withdraw and see whether on consultation they could not arrive at some satisfactory arrangement. It will be readily understood that I offered no objection to this course, as it was in fact a withdrawal by General Grant from the position he had so unqualifiedly assumed, to-wit, unconditional surrender—and it really submitted as I had desired it should, the discussion of the question of terms to a commission, although that commission was now necessarily an impromptu one.

Pending the interchange of views by the officers named, General Grant and I remained apart from them, conversing only upon topics that had no relation to the important subject that brought us together. The terms which this commission agreed to propose were in the main those that were afterward proffered by General Grant and eventually accepted by me. During this discussion I stated to him that as he declined to appoint commissioners when invited to do so by me, it was now his part to propose the terms. He agreed to this and said I should hear from him by 10 P. M. When about to part I notified General Grant that I held myself in no manner pledged to any agreement, but should consult my division and brigade commanders. He replied that

I must understand him in the like manner and that he too should consult his corps commanders. With this our interview ended.

Mr. Badeau's statement is a misrepresentation of the facts as they occurred, and whether intentional or otherwise, conveys a false impression to his readers. If he was present at the interview, he knows; if he was absent, he could readily have ascertained that after General Grant's verbal declaration that he had no terms other than unconditional surrender, all suggestions and all overtures looking to terms arose directly from General Grant himself, and neither directly nor indirectly from me or my subordinates. There was no display of indifference by General Grant as to the result of this interview, nor did he feel indifferent. On the night of the 3d of July a dispatch was intercepted by my signal officer from Admiral Porter to General Grant. The former inquired as to the chances of a surrender on the 4th. General Grant replied through the same medium, mentioning in a general way the terms offered, stating that the arrangement was *against his feelings*, but that his officers advised it on the ground that it would free his river transportation for other important uses, etc., etc.

No doubt both of these gentlemen remember the circumstance. I am,  
Colonel, very truly yours,

J. C. PEMPERTON.

Copied February 5th, 1879, for Lieutenant-General John C. Pemberton, from the original manuscript, by John P. Nicholson.

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**Sherman's March to the Sea, as seen by a Northern Soldier.**

["M. Quad" has been writing for the *Detroit Free Press* a series of very interesting, and in the main, very fair articles on the battles of the late war. His account of "Letting an army loose, to plunder and destroy," is so much fairer, and more truthful, than we often find from Northern pens, that we print it in full.]

Neither Sherman nor his admirers have been able to convince more than a small share of the American people, that his order removing the women and children from Atlanta was not a studied act of cruelty. When Bragg was driven out of Chattanooga, Rosecrans did not find it necessary to remove the women and children, though he had a more reasonable excuse than Sherman. When Grant captured Vicksburg, he issued no such order. Lee did not inflict such cruelty on the helpless people of Frederick city, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and the other towns he captured. Burnside did not do so at Fredericksburg, nor

Butler at New Orleans, nor McClellan on the Peninsular. All had the same excuses as Sherman, or could have found them, but none had his malignity. He meant to destroy Atlanta before he left it, and he must first get rid of the women and children. Atlanta could have been made a great base of supplies without disturbing a single person, as dozens of other points had been, but Sherman had a further plan. He could not take the city with him, when he started for Savannah, and he would not leave it to be reoccupied by the army which had defended it so well.

One of the most devilish acts of Sherman's campaign was the destruction of Marietta. One of the present editors of the *Marietta Journal* was then a boy of fourteen, but he has a vivid remembrance of every incident, from the hour he heard the cannon shot which killed Polk, to the afternoon he stood on the street and saw the family homestead in ruins, and the Federal soldiers mocking at the grief of his poor old mother. If there was any excuse for destroying Marietta, then Lee may be blamed for not burning every building in every Pennsylvania town he passed through. The military institute, and such mills and factories as might be of benefit to Hood, could expect the torch, but Sherman was not content with that. The torch was applied to everything, even to the shanties occupied by colored people. No advance warning was given. The first alarm was followed by the crackling of flames. Soldiers rode from house to house, entered without ceremony, and kindled fires in garrets and closets, and stood by to see that they were not extinguished. In some cases a few articles of furniture had been saved. In others, the women and children stepped forth bare-headed, to make the ground their bed, and the sky their roof. If anyone protested or asked for time, a revolver or bayonet silenced and drove them out.

When night fell, Marietta was no more. Three or four half-burned dwellings, and the smoking heaps of ashes alone remained of one of the handsomest towns in the South. The people had not only been deprived of their homes, but of clothing and provisions as well. Next morning the hungry children were prowling around the Federal camps in search of bits and bones, and the women had nothing. Sherman should have been there to gaze on the picture, and to hear what was said by Federal soldiers who had wives and children at home, and who had the hearts of men beneath the discipline of the soldier.

What could the women and children do? It will surprise many to know what they did do. Right there at hand were the battle fields of Lost and Kennesaw Mountains. They took baskets, sacks, pails and

pans, and flocked to the fields to pick up lead and iron. There were tons of metal lying upon the ground, and it was not a long day's work to pick up all that one could carry. Some of the people found knives, watches, jewelry and money, while all had good picking, so far as lead and iron went. They were thus battling on the battle fields—not for glory and renown, but to win a victory over starvation and suffering. Whatever had value could be sold to traders, and whoever had money could purchase something to eat and wear. After Sherman was well on his way to Savannah, some of the people of Marietta, then living in old tents, took junk and drove up into mountain towns where war had not set its foot. The blacksmiths would buy all the iron brought them, and the sellers would invest their money in cloth, provisions and live stock. The garrison left at Marietta knew all that these people had suffered, and could see how hard they were seeking to secure the necessities of life, and yet it happened in a score of instances, that the calves, pigs and poultry, brought back after a journey of five or six days, would be stolen by the soldiers on the day of their arrival. He who asks those women and children to forget the insults heaped upon them that year, is asking more than human nature has ever yet granted. It is not the bitterness of battle and defeat which rankles in the hearts of people who felt the tread of Sherman's march, but of such acts of oppression, insult and cruelty, as few conquerors have been guilty of. There was not the shadow of an excuse for burning Marietta, and Sherman's excuses are becoming fewer each year.

When Sherman issued his proclamation to the effect that all the inhabitants must leave Atlanta, the people were appalled. The city was over-crowded with refugees from Dalton, Resaca, Marietta and the country between. Many of them had come bare-handed and without means. If they left Atlanta where could they go to, and how subsist? That was a matter which did not worry Sherman in the least.

The only excuse urged by the Federal commander was that, with the city held by his troops, the inhabitants would have no means of subsistence. If they starved outside the city limits he would not be worried. The real motive that guided his actions appeared later, when men were detailed to deliberately burn the city to the ground. Sherman's own book settles this question. In it the author writes: "We then deliberately destroyed Atlanta." It was deliberate. The intention was to burn every building, and only a few escaped.

The appeal was in vain. Some few managed to evade the order to vacate by hiding and remaining in seclusion, but the great majority obeyed it. Such as were transferred to Hood's lines, to be sent further



South, were made as comfortable as possible, but one who desires to know what hardships and suffering were undergone by people totally unfit to cope with them, must go down there and hear the stories from their own lips. When Sherman was in full possession of Atlanta he began his preparations for the march through the heart of the Confederacy. Hood was now in his rear instead of his front, and what should be done with him?

Hood had been defeated and driven, but he was not crushed. He would either draw Sherman from Atlanta or head for Nashville. He wanted reinforcements in either case, but his telegrams to that effect met with the reply that none could be sent him. From August 1st until October 21st Hood was operating on Sherman's lines, destroying railroads, capturing small garrisons and retaking many of the towns which Sherman had wrested from Johnson. In his movements north Sherman had followed him with at least half his army, and although almost every hour of every day witnessed a hot skirmish there was nothing like a general battle. Hood could damage and delay Sherman, but he could not cripple him and he was not strong enough to offer him general battle. On the 21st Hood began his movement towards Nashville, but it was a full month before he was at Columbia, on the Duck river. In the interim Sherman had headed Schofield's army for Nashville, left a strong garrison at Atlanta, and filed out of the city on his march to the sea.

Had one been able to climb to such a height at Atlanta as to enable him to see for forty miles around the day Sherman marched out, he would have been appalled at the destruction. Hundreds of houses had been burned, every rod of fence destroyed, nearly every fruit tree cut down and the face of the country so changed that one born in that section could scarcely recognize it. The vindictiveness of war would have tramped the very earth out of sight had such a thing been possible. At every rod along every highway there was a soldier's grave, and in rear of hospital sites were acres of them.

The railroad lines were the special objects of destruction, and the wonder is that they were so soon repaired. The Federals struck the Macon Road four or five different times at four or five different places, and worked such destruction each time that the line was reported permanently disabled, and yet within thirty hours the Confederates had everything repaired. On one occasion Kilpatrick destroyed four miles of track at once. The rails were removed, heated in the centre, and bent around trees until the ends passed each other. Every culvert was torn out, every cut filled

up by blasting down the banks and every tie burned up. Kilpatrick reported to Sherman that the break could not be repaired in a month, but the cars were running in less than sixty hours. Ten thousand Federal cavalry worked for a month to cripple the Macon line, but could not do it. Sherman had to move his whole army before he could accomplish that event. As soon as the Federals had cut and destroyed the line and retired, a force of Confederates set to work on the road-bed and a few hours would place it in order. Fresh ties were cut, rails were brought up from the store laid aside for such an emergency, and trains were soon running. The ties would be twice the usual distance apart and not bedded, but as trains reached these breaks they slowed down and crawled safely over.

It was the same when Forest and Wheeler were operating on Sherman's lines. Twelve miles of road was destroyed on one occasion, and this destruction included the blasting down into cuts of so much rock and earth that a Confederate civil engineer said that ten thousand laborers could not repair the damages in three weeks. They were repaired within four days. While soldiers became adept in the work of destroying railroads, they became equally skillful in the matter of repairing them. Sherman had to destroy thirty miles of the Augusta road before he could permanently cripple it.

At the very opening of the campaign at Dalton the Federal soldiery had received encouragement to become vandals. Not one private soldier out of every forty in that army turned robber and incendiary, but there were enough to cast a stigma on the whole. From Dalton to Atlanta every house was entered a dozen times over, and each new band of foragers robbed it of something. When there was nothing in the shape of money, provisions, jewelry or clothing left, the looters destroyed furniture, abused women and children, and ended by setting fire to the house. As these parties rode back to camp, attired in dresses and bonnets, and exhibiting the trophies of their raids, and nothing was said to them, others were encouraged to follow suit. The treatment of colored women was brutal in the extreme, and not a few of them died from the effects. One who has the nerve to sit down and listen to what they can tell will find his respect for the ignorant and savage Indians increased.

But these were preparatory lessons. When Sherman cut loose from Atlanta everybody had license to throw off all restraints and make Georgia drain the bitter cup.

In the first place Sherman intended to subsist on the country. Details were made from every regiment to forage. The quartermasters

and commissaries took in all live stock, hay, grain, meat, etc., and destroyed what they could not carry off. Then the men who skulked out of the ranks to forage on their own account, visited the houses and robbed them of whatever they fancied. Then the camp followers appeared to insult and abuse the helpless, smash furniture, rip open beds, break out windows, and end by applying the torch. When Lee invaded Pennsylvania his men foraged liberally, and in many cases cleaned out stores and houses, but where is the instance of an insult to a woman, or burning of a farm house? It cannot be shown that they destroyed what they could not remove. In scores of cases Lee guarded farms so rigidly that not a rail was taken for fire-wood.

The Federal who wants to learn what it was to license an army to become vandals, should mount a horse at Atlanta and follow Sherman's route for fifty miles. He will hear stories from the lips of women that will make him ashamed of the flag which waved over him as he went into battle. When the army had passed, nothing was left but a trail of desolation and despair. No house escaped robbery, no woman escaped insult, no building escaped the fire-brand, except by some strange interposition. War may license an army to subsist on the enemy, but civilized warfare stops at live-stock, forage and provisions. It does not enter the houses of the sick and helpless, and rob the women of finger rings and carry off their clothing.

In Sherman's official report of his march to Savannah, he says "We have consumed all the forage on a line of thirty miles front from Atlanta to Savannah; also all the sweet potatoes, cattle, hogs, sheep and poultry, and have carried away more than 10,000 horses and mules. I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia at \$100,000,000, \$80,000,000 of which is simply waste and destruction."

Does Lee's report of the Pennsylvania campaign contain any such figures? He had the same right to plunder, burn and destroy, as Sherman had, and yet, he did not destroy, outside of the town which Early burned, \$200,000 worth of private property.

The march from Atlanta to Savannah was so little opposed, that it was a sort of holiday excursion to the Federals. He who desired to let himself loose, had only to leave the ranks. He could rob and burn, and Sherman had no reproofs. The more he destroyed, the greater hero he was. While only \$20,000,000 worth of legitimate plunder could be laid hands on, these bummers were licensed to destroy four times that sum in private property, and they accomplished it in a manner to do credit to the savages of the West.

M. QUAD.

[For Southern Historical Society Papers.]

**The Bugle Call.**

*Commemorative of the Reunion of the "Orphan Brigade" at Blue Lick Springs,  
Kentucky, July —, 1882.*

By MRS. SALLY NEIL ROACH.

I.

Through the woodland loud 'tis heard,  
Float the echoes soft and low,  
Rising now like song of bird,  
Rippling like the streamlet's flow.  
Heroes hear the well known call—  
Bright eyes flash with martial flame,  
Forms erect, in line they fall,  
Gathering whence the summons came.

II.

No battle-flag is waved in air,  
Is spoken nought of stern command—  
No sword to lead them flashes bare,  
No weapon gleams from steady hand.  
Kentucky's sons—brave men who bore  
Unscathed name through scathing fire,  
Till, bullet-riddled, stained with gore,  
Their deeds through years will songs inspire.

III.

They gather now—the war task done—  
To hallow memories of those years,  
To tell of battles fought and won,  
To tell of hardships, aye, and tears.  
They gather now—behind them floats  
The bivouac life like shadows dim,  
And memory scans the years and notes,  
Here battle charge, there, funeral hymn.

IV.

Hark! the roll-call! Rank by rank,  
As in that well remembered time.  
Mid few responses, many a blank  
Is left where answered echo's chime.  
And eyes are dimmed as honored name  
Of comrade loved is spoken low.  
Ah! dearer than the wreath of fame,  
The requiem hearts of friends bestow.

V.

And here and there, some tattered shred  
Of war-worn battle flag is shown,  
And touched with awe—for roll of dead  
Has linked its name with glory's own.  
Again it waves where cannons roar  
On Chickamunga's hard fought ground;  
Or where Stone River's waters pour,  
And blood and stream are mingling found.

VI.

Kentucky's sons! Your dead lists bear  
Of noble worth, full many a name  
Whose honor is Kentucky's care,  
Whose memories highest place may claim.  
Helm, Hanson, Breckenridge—entwines  
A people's love these names among;  
As sacred places, be their shrines,  
In words that ring their deeds be sung.

VII.

Nor yet to living less. Brave band,  
Regathered at this Bugle Call,  
Know this—as comrade's hand grasped hand,  
In pride Kentucky greeted all.  
Reunion sweet! No trace of strife,  
Save only shadows softened down,  
Whence, lessons learned, enrich each life,  
Till, warfare o'er, each wears a crown.

SALLY NEIL ROACH.

July 31st, 1882.

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**The Private Confederate Soldier.**

By GENERAL HENRY A. WISE.

[January 30th 1866, General Henry A. Wise—the brave soldier, the gifted orator, “the fearless tribune of the people”—delivered in the Second Baptist Church, Richmond, an address of thrilling eloquence on “Female Orphanage.” In the course of the address he pronounced an eulogy on the private soldier of the Confederacy, which it were well to recall, and to preserve, in these days when some men seem ashamed that they ever “wore the Gray,” and others, from

whom we should expect better things, to forget the debt of gratitude they owe these men.]

\* \* \* \* \*

There are among these infants not only orphans, orphans of the poor, female orphans, and orphans whose lot has been cast in dreary and desolate times; but some of these are the female orphans of deceased and disabled Confederate soldiers, privates in the rank which you embattled for your independence. You failed only by the fall of such men. They fell for you, and you fell. Are any afraid or ashamed to embrace them in the fall? Listen, whilst I repeat truths which you must not try and must not dare to forget; truths which, if you do not gratefully recognize and openly avow and maintain at all hazards, without the fear of showing sympathy, if not without some reproach; shame! shame! shall so shout and hoot at shrimped, and shriveled, sordid, selfish souls as to shake them like miser's money-bags, until with appalling jars their coin-idols shall be jostled out and scattered to street-beggars and vagrants of the "Arts of Industrie!" War itself appalled not the hearts of the Confederate heroes who fell; and war is now over; the cloud has burst; the lightning hath done its scathing; the thunder hath ceased to mutter; in honor's name, then, let craven cringing cease!

The noblest bands of men who ever fought or who ever fell in the annals of war, whose glorious deeds history ever took pen to record, were, I exultingly claim, the private soldiers in the armies of the great Confederate cause. Whether right or wrong in the cause which they espoused, they were earnest and honest patriots in their convictions, who thought that they were right to defend their own, their native land, its soil, its altars, and its honor. They felt that they were no rebels, and no traitors in obeying their State sovereignties, and they thought that it was lawful to take up arms under their mandates, authorized expressly by the Federal Constitution, to repel invasion or to suppress insurrection, when there was such "*imminent danger as not to admit of delay.*" The only reason for the delay which could have been demanded of them was to have appealed to the invaders themselves for defense against their own invasion; and whether there was imminent danger or not, events have proved. They have been invaded until every blade of grass has been trodden down, until every sanctuary of temple, and fame, and altar, and home has been profaned. The most of these men had no stately mansions for their homes; no slaves to plow and plant any broad fields of theirs; no stocks or investments in interest-bearing funds. They were poor, but proudly patriotic and



indomitably brave. Their country was their only heritage. The mothers and wives and daughters buckled on the belts, and sent husbands and sons and brothers forth, and women toiled for the bread and spun the raiment of "little ones" of "*shanty*" homes in country, or of shops in town, whilst their champions of defense were in their country's camps, or marches, or trenches, or battles! They faithfully followed leaders whom they trusted and honored. Nor Cabinets, nor Congress, nor Commissariat, nor Quartermaster's Department, nor speculators, nor spies, nor renegades, nor enemy's emissaries, nor poverty, nor privation, nor heat, nor cold, nor sufferings, nor toil, nor danger, nor wounds, nor death could impair their constancy! They fought with a devout confidence and courage which was unconquerable save by starvation, blockade, overwhelming numbers, foreign dupes and mercenaries, Yankeedom, Negrodom, and death! Prodigies of valor, miracles of victories, undoubted and undoubting devotion and endurance to the last, entitled them to honors of surrender which gilded the arms of their victors and extorted from them even cheers on the battle-field where at last they yielded for peace! Alas! how many thousands had fallen before their few surviving comrades laid down their arms! Of these men of the ranks their beloved leader, General R. E. Lee, said to me, during the last winter on the lines: "Sir, the men of this war who will deserve the most honor and gratitude are *not the men of rank, but the men of the ranks*—the privates!" I cordially concurred in the justice and truth of the compliment, for I had seen them tried on the rocks of Coal river, of Gauley and the Pocotalico. I had tested their endurance in the marches and countermarches, and scouting and skirmishing, of the Kanawha Valley; I had seen them in a first fight and victory against all odds at Scary, and their last stand against greater odds on the Sewall mountains; I had seen their constancy and courage proved at Hawk's Nest, at Honey Creek, at Big Creek, at Carnifax Ferry, and at Camp Defiance, in Northwest Virginia. I had seen them leap with alacrity to the defense of Roanoke Island, knowing when they went that they could not return but as captives or corpses. I have seen them in the "Slaughter Pen" there slay twice their own numbers before they stacked the arms for which they had no ammunition. I have seen them employ their leisure and amuse their *ennui* at Chaffin's farm by mechanic arts for the army of a blockaded country! I have seen their efficiency on the peninsulas of the James and York, and of the Chickahominy and Pamunkey. I have seen their successful strategy at Williamsburg and Whitaker's Mill, and their steadiness in the din of metal at Malvern Hill. I have

seen their temper and spirit tried in the lagoons and galls of the Edisto and Stono, and their pluck on John's Island, in South Carolina. I have heard the shouts of the Virginia men when ordered back from South Carolina and Florida to rally again around the altars of home, and heard them raise the slogan of "Old Virginia Never Tire," when they pressed forward to open the defile at Nottoway bridge, and rushed to Petersburg in time twice to save the Cockade City against odds of more than ten to one. I have seen them drive through the barricade and cut at Walthall Junction, and storm the lines at Howlett's not for five days only, but for twice five days' successive fighting. I have seen them on the picket lines and in the trenches, throughout all seasons of the year, in heat and cold, day and night, in storm and sunshine, often without food fit to feed brutes, with not enough of that; without half enough of fuel or clothing or blankets; under the almost incessant fire of shot and shell; without forage for transportation and without transportation for forage; scarce of ordnance stores; not supplied with medicines for the hospital; all the time rolling a Sisyphean stone of parapet, and traverse, and breastwork, and bomb-proof, for the want of material for revetment, and for the want of tools to dig out and work up the indispensable lines of defenses. I have seen their manhood worn by every variety of disease and wounds in the hospital wards. Starved, half naked, rest broken, I have seen them summoned to stand to or to storm the breach and do it, filling ditches and a crater full of the assailant's dead. I have seen their brigades blasted by the shock of mines and rise from the *debris* and rubbish to repel and conquer the storming enemy. I have seen them bivouacked on the right of Hatcher's Run, and on the ever memorable days of the 29th and 31st of March last advance first one, then two, then less than three brigades, on the Military and Boynton plank-roads, against *two corps*, and fight them for hours, and so stagger them that they dared not follow the retreat. I have seen them on the quick night-march to Church Crossings, and thence hurried to the Namozine, to Flat Creek, to Big Creek, to Sailor's Creek, to the High Bridge, and to Farmville, marching and charging, and charging and marching, and starving, but not sleeping nor stopping on the way, but to work or to fight. And I have seen them fire their last volleys at Appomattox; and often times in marches, on picket, in the trenches, in camps and in charges I have seen them sad and almost sink, but I never saw their *tears* until their beloved commander-in-chief ordered them to surrender their arms. Then they wept, and many of them broke their trusty weapons! The blessed and ever glorious dead were not there to surrender, and they

are not here to defend their memories from the taint of the reproach of rebellion and treason. Alas! I am alive and here, and am bound, at every hazard, to declare that those men were no rebels and no traitors. Let whoever will swear that they were rebels and traitors I will contradict the oath, and appeal to God on the Holy of Holies as high as Heaven's throne, and swear they were *pure patriots, loyal citizens, well tried and true soldiers, brave, honest, devoted men*, who proved their faith in their principles by the deaths which canonized them immortal heroes and martyrs! No one shall inscribe the epitaphs of rebellion and treason upon the tombs of their dead without my burning protest being uttered against the foul and false profanation. And if any wounds of the living are labeled with rebellion and treason I would tear away the infamy though the wounds should bleed unto death. If I suffer their names to be dishonored and their glory to be tarnished, and don't gainsay the reproach, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; and if I suffer their orphans to be outcasts for the want of sympathy, warmly outspoken and more warmly felt, may my right hand forget its cunning. Alas! in these times it has no cunning, for it has no coins! I too am a beggar. I can beg, then, and do beg like a Belisarius, for them. Please give them one obolus! Have you a crumb to spare? Divide it with them! Have you comfort, give them. I implore you give them some of your abundance! Their enemies who slew their fathers honor them enough to feed their poor orphans! They won't hurt you for daring to do deeds of charity. Many of them are brave men, and the brave are always generous to the brave. The orphan, the orphan of the poor, the female orphan, the orphan fallen on evil times, the Confederate soldier's orphan girl-child cry to you! Will you not heed their cries and in some way help the helpless ones? If you will not, then may we apostrophize the manes of their martyred sires, in the language of the lays of the Scottish cavaliers:

\* \* \* "Last of Freemen—  
 Last of all that dauntless race  
 Who would rather die unsullied  
 Than outlive the land's disgrace—  
 O thou lion-hearted warrior!  
 Reck not of the after-time!  
 Honor may be deemed dishonor,  
 Loyalty be called a crime.  
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes  
 Of the noble and the true,  
 Hands that never failed their country,  
 Hearts that never baseness knew!"

**They Would Mix on the Picket Line. Anecdote of the War, by General Gordon.**

"We were on the Rapidan River, where it was a little stream hardly one hundred feet wide. General Lee sent me word I must go out and break up the communication between our pickets and the enemy's.

"They had got to trading with each other in newspapers, tobacco, lies, and whatever would vary the monotony of picket life. They would not shoot at each other, and so it was not military-like. So I started out one morning on my horse and rode the whole length of the picket line and just as I came to a certain point I saw that there was confusion and surprise, as if I had not been expected. 'What is the matter men, here?' I asked. 'Nothing, General, nothing is here.' 'You must tell me the truth,' said I; 'I am not welcome, I see, and there must be some reason for it. Now, what is the matter?' 'There has been nobody here, General. We were not expecting you; that is all.' I turned to two or three of the soldiers and said: 'Beat down these bushes here.' They had to obey, and there suddenly rose up out of the weeds a man as stark naked as he had come into the world. 'Who are you?' asked I. 'I am from over yonder, General.' 'Over yonder—where?' He pointed to the other side of the river. 'What regiment do you belong to?' 'The 104th Pennsylvania, General.' 'What are you doing in my camp?' 'Why, I thought I would just come over and see the boys.' 'See the boys—what boys? Do you mean to say you have entered my camp except as a prisoner? Now, I am going to do this with you. I am going to have you marched to Libby Prison just as you are, without a rag of clothes on you!' 'Why, General, you wouldn't do that just because I came over to see the boys! I didn't mean any harm! I felt lonesome over there and wanted to talk to the boys a little. That is all.' 'Never mind, sir: you march from this spot clothed as you are, to Libby Prison!' 'General' said the man, 'I had rather you would order me to be shot right here.' 'No, sir, you go to Libby!' Then several of my soldiers spoke up: 'General, don't be too hard on him, he's a pretty good fellow! He didn't mean any harm; he just wanted to talk with us.' 'This business must be broken up,' said I—'mixing on the picket line.'

"It had not been in my heart, however, to arrest the man from the beginning. I only wanted to scare him, and he did beg hard. 'I'll tell you what I will do with you this time,' for I saw that he was a brave good humored fellow. 'If you will promise me that neither you nor any of your men shall ever come into my lines again except as prisoners,

I'll let you go.' 'God bless you, General' said the man, and without any more adieu he just leaped into that stream and came up on the other side, and took to the woods."

### Notes and Queries.

*Did General Armistead Fight on the Federal Side at First Manassas or Confess when Dying at Gettysburg that He had been Engaged in an "Unholy Cause?"*

We have, in previous "Notes and Queries," answered in the negative both of these questions; but we now submit the following conclusive statement of the whole case.

General Abner Doubleday in his book on "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg" (page 195), makes the following remarkable statement in describing the charge of Pickett's Division. \* \* \* "Armistead was shot down by the side of the gun he had taken. It is said he had fought on our side in the first battle at Bull Run, but had been seduced by Southern affiliations to join in the rebellion, and now dying in the effort to extend the area of slavery over the free States, he saw with a clearer vision that he had been engaged in an unholy cause, and said to one of our officers who leaned over him: "Tell Hancock I have wronged him and have wronged my country."

The friends of General Armistead are indignant at this statement which they pronounce a slander "out of the whole cloth," and are anxious that its refutation should have the widest circulation.

We, therefore, submit the following vindication of as gallant a gentleman as ever served his country in the old army—as conscientious a patriot as ever followed his convictions of duty into the Confederate army:

1. In reference to the charge that he fought on the "Union" side at First Manassas (Bull Run), it is easy to show that it was a *physical impossibility* for him to have been present at that battle on *either* side.

General L. A. Armistead was the son of General Walker K. Armistead, of the old army, was himself a "West-Pointer," entered the Mexican war as First Lieutenant, was breveted Captain for "gallant and meritorious conduct" at Contreras, and Churubusco, and Major for his conduct at Molino del Rey. In March, 1855, he was commissioned Captain in the Sixth Infantry, and at the breaking out of the war he had been made Major and was serving on the Pacific coast. When

Albert Sidney Johnston resigned his commission in the United States army, and, after being relieved by General Sumner, begun his weary and perilous journey across the plains, Major Armistead accompanied him.

General Johnston wrote as follows to his wife from Vallecito :

VALLECITO, 130 MILES TO YUMA, }  
SUNDAY, June 30, 1861. }

..... I received your letter of June 25th, by Major Armistead who arrived here this morning. Our party is now as large as need be desired for safety or convenience in travelling. They are good men and well armed. Late of the army we have Major Armistead, Lieutenants Hardcastle, Brewer, Riley, Shaaf, Mallory, and Wickliffe." . . .

In a description of the journey Captain Gift, who was of the party, says : . . . " We had now crossed one hundred miles of desert and near the Colorado and Fort Yuma. It was necessary to approach the place with caution, as a trap might be set for us. A scout was sent forward, and at noon, it being July the 4th, we heard the national salute. The scout returned and reported all of the officers of the garrison sick, and that we could cross the river without fear. In the afternoon we camped in sight of the post, at the village on the west bank of the river. We stationed sentinels, and preserved our military appearance. Major Armistead was the first sentinel on post, and was approached by a soldier from the garrison, who was one of the Major's old regiment, and who desired a parley. He had come with a proposition from some of the soldiers to desert over to us, and then to seize the place and plunder it. But for the General's coolness on that occasion, we would in all likelihood have left Fort Yuma behind as a heap of smoking ruins."

Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston in his " Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston " (from which the above extracts are taken), goes on to narrate other interesting details of this journey, and (on page 291) gives an " Itinerary " which shows every stage of the route from June 16th, 1861, when the party left Los Angeles, to July 28th when they arrived at Mesilla.

If further confirmation were needed we might give other proofs, but will only submit the following letter :

SAFE DEPOSIT Co., OF ST. LOUIS, 513 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS, }  
July 20th, 1882. }

*Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary of S. H. Society:*

*Dear Sir,*—In your issue of July, I find this in your *Notes*



*and Queries:* "Did General Armistead fight on the Federal side at First Manassas?" General A. Sidney Johnston, Captain (or Major) Armistead with other officers of the army who had resigned in California, arrived at Mesilla on the 27th of July, 1861, and were my guests for a week, during which time they assisted us in the capture of a large amount of stores and material, also forcing the evacuation of the posts west of the Rio Grande.

Yours respectfully,

G. A. HAYWOOD,

*Secretary Safe Deposit Company.*

Thus it is in proof that General Armistead was in California when his State seceded, and the war broke out—that as soon as he heard of it he resigned—that he was with General A. S. Johnston in his famous journey across the plains, and that he arrived at Mesilla *a week after* the first battle of Manassas (or Bull Run), was fought on the 21st of July, 1861, and that it was, therefore, as much a *physical* impossibility that Armistead could have been present at the battle, as it was a *moral* impossibility that he could, with his convictions, have drawn his sword against his native State, his kindred, his own people.

General Doubleday's repetition of this rumor is as unworthy of the candor of a brave soldier, as it is incompatible with the pains-taking of the accurate historian.

2. The other count in the indictment, viz: that General Armistead, when dying, "saw with a clearer vision, that he had been engaged in an unholy cause, and said to one of our officers, who leaned over him, 'tell Hancock I have wronged him, and have wronged my country,'" is rather more difficult to meet with *positive* proof, but we have been able to secure evidence amounting to a *moral certainty* that this also is utterly untrue.

Major Armistead made his choice calmly, deliberately, and with all of the facts before him. With all of his devotion to the Union, love for "the old flag," and attachment to his brother officers, he had decided that he could neither fight against the South, nor remain *neutral* in the great struggle; and he made his perilous journey, reached Richmond, tendered his sword to the Confederacy, and was made Colonel of the 57th Virginia Regiment, and in April, 1862, Brigadier-General.

In all of these positions he served faithfully, and gallantly—none of his comrades ever heard the slightest intimation that he doubted the justice of the cause for which he fought, and it would take proof of the very strongest character to convince those who knew him that he confessed when dying, that he had been battling for an "unholy cause."

His intimate friend, Colonel R. H. Dulaney, of Loudoun county, Virginia, writes: "Of course, we cannot tell what Lewis said to the Federal officer when captured. He might have regretted the necessity of the war, but he would have denied every principle he had held during his life if what General Doubleday says were true."

His friend, General Wm. H. Payne, of Warrenton, Virginia, and his old staff officer, Major Peyton Randolph, are equally emphatic in denying the moral possibility of Armistead's using any such language, when himself.

We have a letter from Colonel R. W. Martin, of Pittsylvania county, who was wounded at General Armistead's side, who had frequent conversation with Federal officers who ministered to Armistead in his last moments, and who not only heard nothing of this recantation, but indignantly denies its possibility, saying: "General Armistead was no hypocrite, he could not have felt that he was sinning against his country, and have been the brave and gallant defender of the cause that he was—for no life lost during the struggle was more freely and willingly sacrificed for principle than was his."

Charles H. Barnes, in his "History of the Philadelphia Brigade," (pp. 190-192,) gives an appreciative notice of General Armistead's gallantry, and death, but puts no such words into his mouth, nor do any of the other numerous writers on Gettysburg, so far as we have seen.

But in addition to this *negative* testimony, we submit the following correspondence, which explains itself, and settles the question beyond peradventure:

LETTER TO GENERAL HANCOCK.

OFFICE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY,  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, July 10, 1882.

General W. S. Hancock:

Dear Sir,—I send you by this mail the June number of *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and beg leave to call your attention to the first item of *Notes and Queries*, (page 284,) in reference to General L. A. Armistead. Of the first statement—that General Armistead fought on the Federal side at first Manassas—we have the most positive refutation.

In reference to the alleged message to you, I beg to ask if you ever received such a message, and if so, had you any reason to doubt General Armistead's *being himself* at the time? To be frank, General Armistead's relatives and friends are very indignant at this statement, and look upon it as leaving a stain upon the memory of that gallant

soldier, which they are anxious to wipe out, and they are fully satisfied that either there is some mistake about the terms of the message, or else that he was *delirious* when he sent it.

In confirmation of this view we have always understood that you saw General Armistead *personally* just after he was wounded, and the kindness with which you received and treated him, has always been a fragrant memory of those terrible days, when brother fought brother—each from honest conviction that he was maintaining the right. Now if it was true that you had a personal interview, it does not appear why General Armistead should have *sent you such a message*. Was there anything in your intercourse during that interview, (may I ask?) which gave color to this alleged message?

I am sure you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you this letter, which is prompted by a desire to vindicate General Armistead, and a conviction that the gallant soldier whom I address will be only too ready to do justice to the memory of his old friend.

Waiving the question of who was right, and who was wrong in that great struggle, all who knew General Armistead must feel that he followed the fortunes of the State that gave him birth, *from conscientious convictions of duty*, and those who knew him well, will be slow to believe that after leading his men to the heights of Gettysburg, with unsurpassed heroism, he *whimpered and repented of his course* after he received his fatal wound—unless indeed he was delirious from the effects of that wound.

Begging an early reply to this letter, I am, with high respect, and with best wishes for your health and happiness,

Very truly, your obedient servant,

J. WM. JONES,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society.*

To this letter there was the following reply:

LETTER FROM GENERAL HANCOCK.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK,  
July 15th, 1882.

*Rev. J. Wm. Jones, No. 7, Library Floor*

*State Capitol, Richmond, Virginia:*

Dear Sir,—Your favor of the 10th instant was duly received. I have enclosed your letter referring to General Armistead on the field of Gettysburg, to General H. H. Bingham, M. C., from Philadel-

phia. He was the officer to whom the message was delivered, and is the best witness in the case.

I have no doubt that he will answer your inquiry fully. I am,

Yours very truly,

WINGFIELD S. HANCOCK.

On July the 20th, General Hancock sent us the following :

LETTER FROM GENERAL BINGHAM.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 19th, 1882.

*My Dear General :*

Your favor of July 14th, covering enclosures from Southern Historical Society, duly received and contents noted.

Of course, I cannot now recall all the details in the matter of General Armistead's condition and words at the time of his capture, July 3, 1863; but my report, made to you immediately following the battle, is correct in every particular. Armistead, after I informed him that I was an officer upon your staff, and would deliver any personal effects that he might desire forwarded to his family, made use of the words, as I now recall them, "Say to General Hancock for me, that I have done him, and you all, a grievous (or serious) injury, which I shall always regret."

His condition at the time, was that of a man seriously wounded, completely exhausted, and seemingly broken-spirited. I had him carried immediately to the hospital. The physician in charge, or who attended his wounds, could more specifically give testimony as to his mental condition.

I return to you the letter of J. Wm. Jones, Secretary of the Southern Historical Society.

Very truly yours,

HENRY H. BINGHAM.

Major-General W. S. HANCOCK,  
*New York City, N. Y.*

It will be seen from the above, (which we doubt not is an entirely accurate statement of General Bingham's recollection of what occurred, except that he does not enter into the details of his kindness to General Armistead, which we will ever cherish in grateful remembrance,) that the message actually sent by the dying hero, was a very different one from that which General Doubleday gives. Mortally wounded, "completely

exhausted," [he had arisen from a sick bed, against the remonstrances of surgeons and friends, to go into that charge,] and no doubt "broken-spirited," when he saw his gallant band hurled back by overwhelming odds from the position they had so heroically won—General Armistead received unexpected kindness from his old comrade and intimate friend, General Hancock, from whom he had been estranged by the events of the war, was deeply touched by it, and very naturally sent the message: "Say to General Hancock for me, that I have *done him, and you all* grievous injury, which I shall always regret." *i. e.*, I have wronged you by cherishing bitter, vindictive, feelings towards old friends, who, in this hour of my extreme need, meet me with this great kindness. The message contains not one word of regret for the service he had rendered the Confederacy—not one intimation that he now "saw with clearer vision" that he had "wronged his country," or had been engaged in an "unholy cause"—and in thus changing the words, and forcing their meaning, General Doubleday proves that he lacks the calmness of the historian, and shows the same bitter spirit of the partisan as when he recklessly affirms that we poor Confederates were fighting "*to extend the area of slavery over the free States.*"

The Confederate charge upon the heights of Gettysburg is a grand episode in history of which every true *American* should be proud. There was no more conspicuous figure in that grand battle picture than brave old Armistead who led his men with characteristic heroism, and fell on the crest of the battle wave, bequeathing to his people a name above reproach.

We enter our burning protest against having that fair name and fame tarnished by the flippant, reckless, pen of General Doubleday, whose book will be of little value to the future historian if this is a fair specimen of his historic accuracy.

#### *The Number of Guns in Cutts's Battalion at Sharpsburg.*

In our April number we denied the accuracy of the statement of General D. H. Hill's report (as quoted by General Palfrey), that he had "near sixty pieces of Cutts's Battalion" of Artillery at Sharpsburg—saying that it was evidently a typographical error as no Confederate battalion ever had anywhere near sixty pieces of artillery.

But to settle the matter, we wrote Colonel Cutts on the subject, and submit his conclusive reply in which he shows that his own command at Sharpsburg consisted of twenty-four guns, and that, while before and after the battle other guns were temporarily under his command, these were

all he had during the battle. General Hill no doubt meant to say that he had *sixteen* (instead of sixty) pieces of Cutts's Artillery engaged at Sharpsburg; but the letter of the gallant Georgian explains itself.

AMERICUS, GA., August 24th, 1882.

*Dr. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary Southern Historical Society.*

*Sir*,—All my headquarter papers were captured just before the surrender, still I can give you number of guns in my command at Sharpsburg. At this time my own battalion consisted of four companies with six guns each, twenty-four guns. In addition I had attached to my command a four-gun battery known as Captain Bondurant's Battery, and a four-gun battery from North Carolina, name not known to me. Still, after my arrival at Sharpsburg those last two batteries were ordered to report to their proper commands, leaving me only twenty-four guns that I considered subject to my orders, until late in the afternoon of the first day, or rather the second day for it was after all the heavy fighting was over, when General Stonewall Jackson turned over to me five guns, being parts of batteries that seemed broken up, or remnants of batteries left after the fight. Counting those it would make twenty-nine guns. Still I carried off the field my twenty-four guns, the North Carolina battery of four and the five guns turned over by General Jackson: this count would make thirty-three guns.

Captain Bondurant had reported to his proper command, but the North Carolina battery had remained at my headquarters. In order to further explain the situation of my command, and how odd batteries were with me, I will have to go back to the battle of Boonsboro. My command there was in the fight, that is three of my batteries and one held in reserve. At this time, and just before the fight on the mountain, Captain Bondurant's battery of four guns were turned over to me and served during the battle and remained with me until after we arrived on the battle-field of Sharpsburg. The night after the battle of Boonsboro our army fell back to Sharpsburg, and I was left without orders with the five batteries, twenty-eight guns, wagons, &c., coming from the battle-field. On the mountain, late at night, I received orders to return to my camp one-half mile from Boonsboro on the Hagarstown road, and across the road from General D. H. Hill's headquarters—this I did, and received no orders to leave through neglect of General Hill's Staff Officer or Chief of Artillery.

At about sun-rise next morning, I found that our army was gone, and did not know when they would make a stand for the next battle.



I at once started moving on the Williamsport road, with the view of making that point and crossing; but to make sure of the situation, I galloped rapidly towards Boonsboro, mainly to see what danger my rear was in from the enemy. On this trip I found a battery of four guns near the road, men asleep, horses unharnessed, &c. On inquiry, I found this was a North Carolina battery belonging or attached to General Ransom's brigade. I ordered the Captain to move rapidly, and gain my command, and we would get off together or "go up" together. In this way I was forced to add one more battery to my command, and at a very critical moment. How I had been very near unto the enemy's cavalry, fifteen hundred strong, then in line of battle across the Hagerstown road, and how I had to counter-march and return near Boonsboro, and then take another road, flanking Boonsboro, and passing up towards Williamsport by another route, and going above Sharpsburg, in order to flank the Yankee army that was between me and our army, and after passing well to the north of Sharpsburg, returned to that place with the whole Yankee army just on my left, and just by my side, I need not now relate. Still I did this, and was complimented by General Lee in person. All this, I presume, is not necessary to mention; if so, I should give it more fully. Regretting the delay in my reply.

I am, very respectfully,

A. S. CUTTS.

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE DELAY IN GETTING OUT THIS NUMBER and the combining of two in one will, we are sure, be excused by our readers when they see that we not only give them their full number of pages, but a most interesting and valuable number in every respect.

We may find it desirable, on account of our expected absence from the middle of November, to combine the October and November numbers under one cover; but our subscribers may rest assured that they will not fail to receive the full quota of numbers and pages due them.

GENERAL FITZHUUGH LEE, who was compelled last spring to postpone his proposed Southern tour for the benefit of the Society, kindly writes that he expects to be prepared to leave Richmond on the 13th of November and to meet such engagements to lecture as may be agreed upon by the Secretary and our friends at different points in the South.

The Secretary expects to accompany General Lee and it is hoped that the tour will be in every way of great advantage to the Society.

We are sure that all who shall have opportunity of hearing the gallant soldier tell the story of "Chancellorsville," will be charmed with the recital, and that his old comrades, wherever he may go, will give him a cordial greeting.

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THE ANNUAL REUNION OF THE VIRGINIA DIVISION A. N. V. ASSOCIATION will take place on the evening of November the 2d, in the State capitol at Richmond.

The address will be delivered by General A. M. Scales, of North Carolina, who has selected as his theme, "The Battle of Fredericksburg." This subject, in the hands of the gallant and accomplished soldier who helped to win that great victory, cannot fail to be of rare interest and historic value.

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THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY will take place on the evening of Friday, November 3rd. We hope to have a large attendance to hear a most encouraging annual report, and take part in the meeting.

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GENERAL GEO. D. JOHNSTON, our efficient General Agent, has been for several months laid aside from his work by his old enemy, "Hay Fever"; but we are glad to be able to announce that he is now recovering, and expects soon to go to work for us in the great State of Texas. We are sure that he will find in the "Lone Star State," a cordial reception, and will meet with hearty co-operation in promoting our great work.

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RENEWALS are still in order, especially on the part of those who have been receiving the *Papers* all the year, and have not yet paid their dues. And if they should, as some have done, send us \$6.00 for this year and the next also, we would think it nothing amiss, but would count them "even" with us.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE and ST. NICHOLAS both maintain their high character, and we do not hesitate to commend them as every way worthy of a place in the families of our people.

To literary excellence of the highest order, superb illustrations, and unsurpassed general "get up," both of these Magazines add the greater excellence of a spirit, and moral tone which we may safely allow to enter our homes, and be the mental pabulum of our children.